

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen

10¢

IN CANADA
15 CENTS

JULY



LARGEST
NEWSSTAND
SALE OF
ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE

Garbo

ROSES,
LOVE and
SHOT GUNS,
HARPO MARX

9 KINDS OF
FRIENDSHIP
IN HOLLYWOOD

TOGETHER AGAIN
in another M-G-M hit!

Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Untamed" we've been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You'll be delighted with the result.

Joan
CRAWFORD
Robert
MONTGOMERY

in CLARENCE BROWN'S
production

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You'll compare it with the most thrilling picture you've ever seen!

with

NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

Letty Lynton

Nils Asther's return to the screen is something to cheer. He's great in this romantic drama!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



The HOME TEAM

stuff about the staff

Meet Some Silver Screen Contributors

DONOVAN PEDELTY is our incorrigible—every magazine has one. He doesn't treat the great bosses in Hollywood with any respect, but he gets the news for you. Don is an Englishman, or was. His maxim is Warner Baxter's line in "Amateur Daddy"—"I like trouble." Of course you have read "Over Hollywood"—that explains him.

* * *

EDWARD CHURCHILL is the proud boast of the Pasadena Hospital, Pasadena, California, where he was born and interviewed his first victim—1902. The young man went to college for a while and then became a reporter (the less said about that the better). He made four parachute jumps; all in the interest of art.

* * *

S. R. MOOK—Thirty years old for a guess, and on his way to New York, so he can't be reached. Hollywood is a playground to him and he knows everybody and they know him and seem to like him. His picture is on page 20 in this issue. Single and ambitious.

* * *

JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE, our artist, who is 30 years old, sprang from Ohio. He studied art in Cleveland, New York City, and Philadelphia. In fact, he received honors from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His hair is the same color as Jean Harlow's new style. Otherwise he is quite unlike her. No fan mail please, John is married.

* * *

PATRICIA KEATS is the baby of the staff. She has lovely red hair and knows about everything except writing. When she finishes a piece she doesn't know whether it is good or not. Is she temperamental! "Pat" is a nom de plume.

* * *

ELIZABETH WILSON has the official title of West Coast Representative. She is single, five feet six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Remarkable for her good nature and for her sane sense of humor. Elizabeth, on her trips to Hollywood, stops off at Atlanta, Georgia, to see the family. She's crazy about Rome and Italy and is planning her third trip this summer.

* * *

JAMES M. FIDLER—The outdoor Jimmie once was married to Dorothy Lee, but now he is outdoors again. And does he love to hunt! He was a World War Marine. St. Louis, Mo., is the home town, but Jimmie has been in Hollywood and in newspaper work for so long! He is five feet ten, blond with blue eyes, thirty-two years old, and that, you know, is the dangerous age. Read his "Fired and Hired" on Page 26.

* * *

HALE HORTON is one of those thirty year old bachelors, and that's a break for some girl. He writes novels and hasn't forgotten about Yale. Just a cynical old bachelor. Born in Minneapolis but you could hardly tell it now because he has been in Hollywood for three years. How's the new novel coming, Hale?

* * *

WICK EVANS—Imagine being a hot fan writer, living in Hollywood, knowing the passionate stars and being 24 years old. That's Wick, and in between times he gets sunburned. Well, you know those Kentucky boys! University of Missouri, then Hollywood and the world well lost.

* * *

BEN MADDOX—It was a stormy morning in San Francisco, a little later it was tempestuous around Stanford, and the last two years there has been a temperamental atmosphere throughout Hollywood. Such is Ben's past record. He is six feet two inches tall, has dark hair and gray eyes, which satisfactorily explains the whole thing. He has written a piece for you for next month. That's the way he is—all the time authoring.

* * *

MYRTLE GEBHART—Back in Dallas, Texas, they heard Myrtle practice on the piano and suggested that she go to Hollywood, and so she ups and becomes a writer—one of the best known of Hollywood correspondents. Small, blonde, and blue eyes. And is St. Mary's College proud?

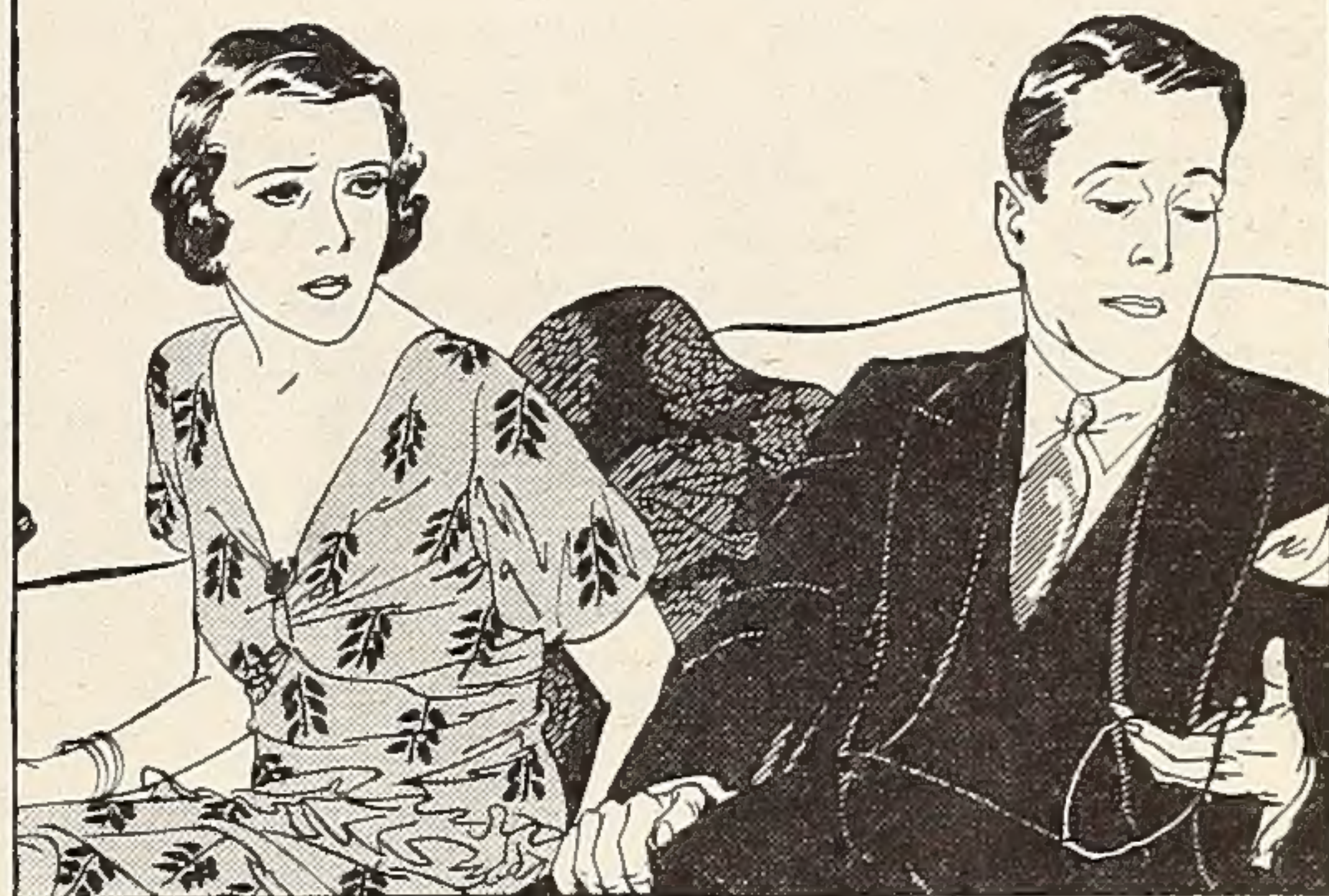
The Story Behind Their Wedding — by ALBERT DORNE

SUCH A SWEET BRIDE — AND
BOTH SO MUCH IN LOVE!

WHO WOULD EVER
DREAM THAT ONCE SHE
NEARLY LOST HIM?



THE FIRST TIME HE CALLED, SHE WAS
THRILLED — HE, TOO! BUT BEFORE THE
EVENING WAS OVER, HIS INTEREST COOLED

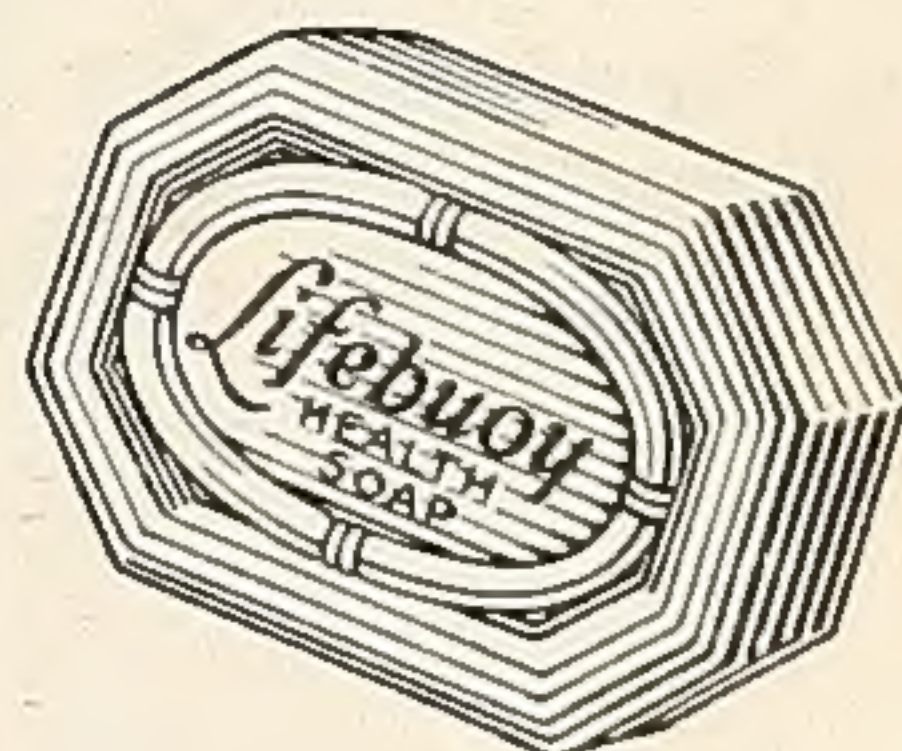


TIME PASSED HE DIDN'T COME BACK
SHE WAS HEARTBROKEN. ONE DAY SHE CAME
AND CRIED ABOUT IT ON MY SHOULDER



I KNEW THE TROUBLE.
SO I TOLD HER GENTLY
HOW SHE SOMETIMES
OFFENDED

—AND HOW EASILY
LIFEBUOY WOULD END
HER FAULT.... "B.O."
—CLEAR HER COMPLEXION,
TOO



WHAT A JOY TO SEE THEM MARRIED TODAY!
NO "B.O." NOW TO SPOIL HER CHARM. SHE'S
PERFECT IN HIS EYES



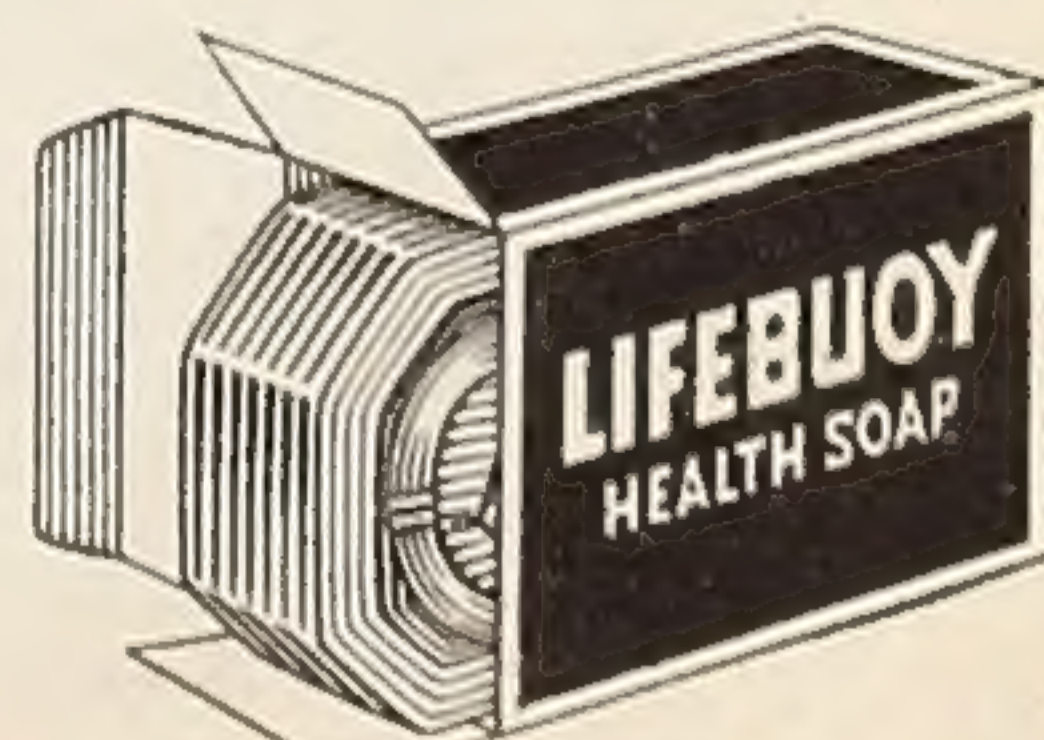
NOW is a danger time for "B.O." (body odor)!

THESE hot, sultry days when we perspire so freely — be extra careful about "B.O." (body odor)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather purifies pores — removes all odor. Gets germs off hands — helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Wonderful for complexion

Lifebuoy purifies face pores, too — keeps complexions fresh, clear and glowing with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF
LEVER BROTHERS CO.



JUN 13 1932

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The OPENING CHORUS

THE good word has just come through that Renée Adoree has returned from Arizona—cured. That's the pleasantest bit of news we have to relate this month. Furthermore, there's a rumor that Renée has not only returned to Hollywood—but to pictures, as well! And don't be surprised if you should read her name in the cast of "The Big Parade" when it is remade as a talkie. Remember Renée as the little French girl in the silent version? She started the historic vogue of tragic damsels running after their departing lovers—only Renée did it in a way that made you weep, not laugh.

~ ~

BARBARA STANWYCK is more convinced than ever that she wants to give up moving pictures and just be a wife and mother . . . She has decided to have two children and name them Michael and Kathleen . . . Marlene Dietrich, her husband, little Maria and Maurice Chevalier all went to see "Shanghai Express" when it was playing in a cheap movie theatre recently . . . When Marlene discovered that the film had been cut, she was furious and told the operator what she thought of him . . . The poor fellow wasn't to blame . . . He has to show the film as it is sent to him . . . When Mary Pickford returned from New York she was accompanied by the Contessa Dentrice di Frasso . . . The Contessa is the same Contessa whose name has been associated with that of Gary Cooper ever since his bust-up with Lupe last summer.

~ ~

LISTEN:—

HELEN HAYES, who has been on Broadway since last Fall in "The Good Fairy," is making a picture . . . Joan Crawford went with Doug, Jr., to the preview of his newest picture "Love is a Racket" and was all dressed up in black with long, black gloves and a black hat so, so big . . . Connie Bennett has to go home at four-thirty every day and take a nap—doctor's orders . . . Doug, Jr., has shaved off his hair in preparation for his next picture, "Revolt," in which he plays a Russian army officer . . . La Tashman is wearing bangs . . . So is Ann Dvorak . . . Gary Cooper's chimpanzee has a cold and the doctor makes him stay in his room . . . It must be this unusual California weather. Gary is as disappointed as a small kid . . . He did so want to show Toluca to the gang at Paramount . . . Mary Pickford is adding eighteen rooms on to Pickfair to take care of the royal visitors expected here for the Olympics . . . Hope they get here, Mary . . . Watch for "Strange Interlude"—it will knock you right out of your seats . . . George Brent and Lyl Talbot put on such a realistic fist fight in "The Night Flower" that George's back was wrenched and he has to wear a brace for six months . . . RKO is all excited over "Animal Kingdom" which will be Ann Harding's next picture . . . And the Big Excitement is that Leslie Howard will again be her leading man . . . Norma Shearer has commenced work on "Smilin' Through."

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

JULY 1932

VOLUME TWO
NUMBER NINE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF GARBO BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The OPENING CHORUS

MIRIAM HOPKINS has adopted a baby boy. On her trip East from Hollywood she stopped at Chicago and went through the formal process of adopting a little lad from an orphanage. No details are to be had but it came out that Miriam Hopkins is no longer Mrs. Austin Parker. Miriam told the court that she had set aside a sum of money for the child's benefit. Photographers have been barred. Miriam doesn't care for any photographs as she says this is not a publicity stunt. We congratulate the little fellow. He will grow up to be very proud of his big-hearted adopted mother. And as far as SILVER SCREEN is concerned, we respect Miriam's desire to find, after her unsuccessful marriage, something on which she can lavish the love that springs from her generous heart.

oo oo

"TIGER SHARK," Eddie Robinson's next picture, and "Rain," with Joan Crawford, will both be made on Catalina Island at the same time . . . Catalina will become a regular movie colony for a month . . . We bet the rates go up . . . Joby and Dick Arlen and the Walter Hustons will all live together on Dick's yacht while the pictures are being made . . . Dick is in "Tiger Shark" . . . and Walter Huston is in "Rain" . . . Monroe Owsley is tired of waiting for romantic leads . . . He is going back to New York and let them "discover" him all over again . . . Neil Hamilton hiking in the Hollywood hills and running into Garbo—but with the speed of a mountain goat she quickly put a couple of hills between them.

oo oo

LISTEN!

GLORIA SWANSON named her young daughter Michele Bridget and there's plenty of Irish to that . . . Lupe Velez originally arrived in Hollywood under the sponsorship of Richard Bennett, Joan and Connie's pappy . . . Sylvia Sidney wears a lucky gold piece on a chain, never takes it off, and will not divulge its secret . . . Carole Lombard won sprinting and broad-jumping medals in high school . . . Eric Linden received his early dramatic training from the New York Theatre Guild—no wonder the lad's good . . . Incense is used on speakeasy sets to make that certain smoke haze found in those dear little places . . . Janet Gaynor had her lovely curls cut off in Paris and now has a very short and svelte haircut . . . All the feminine stars at Warner Brothers are begging for George Brent for their leading man—and getting him . . . Helen Twelvetrees is expecting the stork, and ditto Sue Carol . . . Una Merkel has been trying to find time to get her tonsils taken out for two years but had so many pictures that she couldn't manage it until last month . . . Tallulah Bankhead adores "surprises" and is very sentimental about birthdays and Christmases and such . . . And talking about sentiment, Lionel Barrymore has sent his wife flowers every day for the last ten years . . . The Marx Brothers once played to eight people in a three thousand seat house . . . Jean Harlow had white hair when she was a kid in Kansas but they called her "the tow-head" then instead of "the platinum blonde."



Professionally posed photo of Mrs. Rachulles' true experience

So thin, haggard-looking she hated to have her picture taken!

But today she's added 23 lbs.
—cleared her skin, too

SHE'D pretended not to mind—laughed when they called her "skinny". But she drew the line at being photographed. For no one can laugh off a scrawny face and shapeless legs, when they are printed in black and white!

Today, thanks to 23 pounds gained, she's no longer camera-shy! Read her thrilling story:

Looks a "different" woman

"I was sick and rundown from childhood. I weighed only 104 pounds and looked just 'skin and bones'. In fact, such a sight I didn't like friends to take snapshots of me.

"But since taking Ironized Yeast I have put on 23 pounds. It improved my skin, too. I look like a *different* woman!" Mrs. J. E. Rachulles, Red Cliff, Colo.

Many quick results

If you, too, are a bit self-conscious about your figure—if you, too, worry over your complexion—why not profit by the experience of *thousands*? Gain pounds of healthy flesh, clear complexion—*plus* sound sleep, regular elimination, steady nerves, tireless energy. Get these quickly, *inexpensively*—with Ironized Yeast.

Concentrated 7 times

In perfecting Ironized Yeast, no expense has been spared. It contains a remarkably rich yeast—imported "beer yeast". This specially cultured yeast is *concentrated* by a process so new and so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recom-

mended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Seven pounds of "beer yeast" are required to make just one pound of this yeast concentrate that goes into Ironized Yeast. And three distinct kinds of iron are required to *ironize* this concentrate. Thus Ironized Yeast not only brings you all the body-building benefits of yeast—*many times multiplied*—but it also wonderfully enriches your blood, increases strength and pep as it adds firm flesh.

RESULTS TRIPLE-TESTED: To make sure you get the utmost in weight, strength and health-building qualities, the *genuine* Ironized Yeast is *triple-tested*—by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college. Beware of imitations which may discolor teeth and upset stomach. Insist on the *genuine* Ironized Yeast.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and send it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts about Your Body", by an eminent health authority. Results from very first package—*or money refunded*. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 87, Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

LOVE AND HISSES!!



OUR discerning contributors are loud in their praise of Chevalier this month and the interesting thing is that a great many letters tell *why*. Tell us why you like this star, this team, or this play. Direct the movies from your seat in the orchestra. Tell us your thoughts, if any, and remember constructive criticism is not just praise. Write to Love and Hisses Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. There are three prizes for letters not longer than 200 words. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize and \$5 for third.

LIFE IS LIKE THAT

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

San Francisco, Calif.

IT AMUSES me while I reading reviews of pictures, to have the critic describe a picture as "true to life." The phrase is generally used in describing some grim and disheartening film.

No critic can say of one small by-section of life, "This is life as it is," for life is lived differently everywhere. For instance "Possessed" is just as real a picture of a certain type of New York life as "Street Scene" is of another type. There are artificial and frivolous people living artificial and frivolous lives; and there are fine, industrious people living ordinarily decent lives.

So, Mr. and Miss Critic, won't you use a little discretion in branding pictures? Just scan the front page of the newspapers and you will find happenings that seem fantastic and far-fetched. Yet those are real events happening to real people.

Helen Stappenbeck

RATES NINE CHEERS

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

New York, N. Y.

IT WAS marvelous, it was perfect, it was grand! He was wonderful, he was darling, he was dear! She was adorable, she was lovely, she was sweet!

Who? What?

Don't you know? The reunion of the screen's most perfect trio! Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst Lubitsch. What a team! They're inimitable, incomparable, irresistible!

Three cheers for "One Hour With You." Three cheers for the prince of personality, the king of fascination—Chevalier! Three cheers for the lingerie lady, the prima donna of the screen—MacDonald! And three cheers for that grand master, that genius of musical romance—Lubitsch!

Pearl A. Katzman

NATURAL DYNAMITE

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

Mahanoy City, Penna.

MY everlasting thanks to the discoverer of two of movie-land's finest young stars—Miriam Hopkins and James Dunn. After looking at beautiful women, handsome men, and flawless acting for years and years I have at last discovered what I looked for in vain—the art of being natural—and the stars above named certainly can portray this to perfection.

To begin with, Miriam Hopkins isn't beautiful but she's so alive and acts so at ease that I can't help but feel the same way. THAT'S a consolation in this day and age. The same applies to James Dunn—may he rise to the heights of much deserved success. With either one in a picture, it is doubly enjoyable.

Beauty and fame may influence some fans, but give me instead the dynamic personalities of Miriam Hopkins and James Dunn; and most of all—their ability to be JUST NATURAL.

Alice M. Kane

DESIRES BRAIN EXERCISE

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

TWO of your prize-winning letters for April had for their keynote the idea that only joyful movies with happy endings should be produced. This confirms the statement of a statistician, who claims the intelligence of the average movie-goer is that of a twelve year old child.

It is because of these people, who go to a show merely to sit back and be amused without exerting the slightest brain power, that producers always must have scripts of books and plays revised for the screen. Said revision usually consists of simplifying the plot so that the Great American Yokel can understand it.

Such a lamentable state of affairs ought not to exist. We should go to the theatre to enjoy films of real literary value, and to appreciate good acting in the characteriza-

tion of difficult rôles. Motion pictures should stand on an equal basis with the stage and be respected just as highly.

Joseph Bush

MORE SONGBIRDS

Rock Island, Ill.

AND with one accord they said: "Why don't we have more musical pictures?" Who said that? Why, ten young women at a Club meeting I attended recently.

There was quite a discussion on current shows and every young woman present expressed the opinion that she was sick of "these ladies with a past" (and, perhaps, no future) along with weird, human monstrosities and new "finds" thrust down her throat at every turn.

They were unanimous in wanting singing voices—like those possessed by John Boles, Bebe Daniels, Jeanette MacDonald, the inimitable Chevalier and others.

Mrs. O. E. Kinne

GOOD BOY, JOHNNY!

Convent, N. J.

A CHEER for the creators of one of the best pictures since the advent of the talkies! And if it were possible I'd make mine the loudest. After having to seek practically all our enjoyment of pictures in stories dealing with war, gangsters, sophisticated and fallen women, and the like, "Tarzan, the Ape-Man" brings us novelty, more beauty, and more thrills.

It is not often that a picture impresses me as much, and certainly not more than "Tarzan." Aside from being one of the most beautifully photographed and thrilling pictures, it brings us a new actor in the person of Johnny Weissmuller. His performance was real. He did not give merely the impression of a man playing the rôle of "Tarzan"—he actually was "Tarzan." He also showed us that the human body is really a thing of beauty, strength and agility.

J. B. Kinsella

You Will Find Mary Lee's Beauty Article on Pages 44 and 45, Beautifully Illustrated.

SILVER SCREEN

SPEAKING OF SIMPLICITY

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Please give us more pictures with the passionate sincerity, delightful romance and beautiful simplicity of "The Man Who Played God."

Although we admire the really good work of many young screen artists, they will have to study long and arduously before they can compete with Mr. Arliss for our favor. In "The Man Who Played God" not only does his indomitable personality impress itself upon his audience, but it seems to influence each member of his supporting cast. Each of his interpretations is natural and vital. He creates the atmosphere of each scene, calling into action a harmonious response from all.

We, too, forget a play is being presented and unconsciously slip into the living drama before us. Such a perfect fusing of emotions results that, when the last scene fades away, it is with difficulty we relinquish ourselves to that other life which too soon rushes to claim us.

Alice White.

SHE WINS THE ELECTION!

Ellwood City, Pa.

Bette Davis has made a hit with the movie fans of Western Pennsylvania. In her last pictures she has shone radiantly with her simple, unaffected beauty, and, at the same time, impressed the audience with her great dramatic ability.

More good pictures will help her rise to stardom. Let's not deprive her of the honor. Here's to a succession of good parts for her!

Jane Stevenson.

ONWARD AND UPWARD!

St. Louis, Mo.

I wonder if the public fully realizes the importance of the talkies? Mr. Average-Man is negligent in his ordinary conversation. He cares little whether or not his expressions are grammatically perfect; likewise the cadence of his voice or its effect upon his listeners is of no serious moment to him.

The talkies are a constant reminder of our inability to express ourselves well; they will help change our rasping, discordant voices into well modulated ones. We have before us on the screen actors whose deliverance of perfect English sets an un-failing example. Thus, through the medium of the talkies, can our language be well spoken by every American.

Violet Meise.

\$5. SPECIAL PRIZE LETTER \$5.

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Editor:

Now, how about a nice double-page spread of the six most attractive men? I have a fascinating half-dozen all ready picked, who may or may not meet with your approval. At any rate, here they are:

1. Clark Gable: No need to mention why. Ask any girl.
2. Chevalier: For his sophisticated sparkle and humor so nicely blended with a certain boyish naïveté.
3. Melvyn Douglas: Because of his attractive appearance, fascinating voice, masterful manner and ability to make love expertly.
4. John Barrymore: He is suave, sophisticated and has a wicked sense of humor plus personality.
5. Paul Lukas: For his "cute" accent, good looks, continental air, and his dignity.
6. Fredric March: He is versatile, good-looking and charmingly different.

L. R. C.

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over with.

You have no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now!

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Easy As Can Be

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You're never in hot water. First you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern

way—and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each

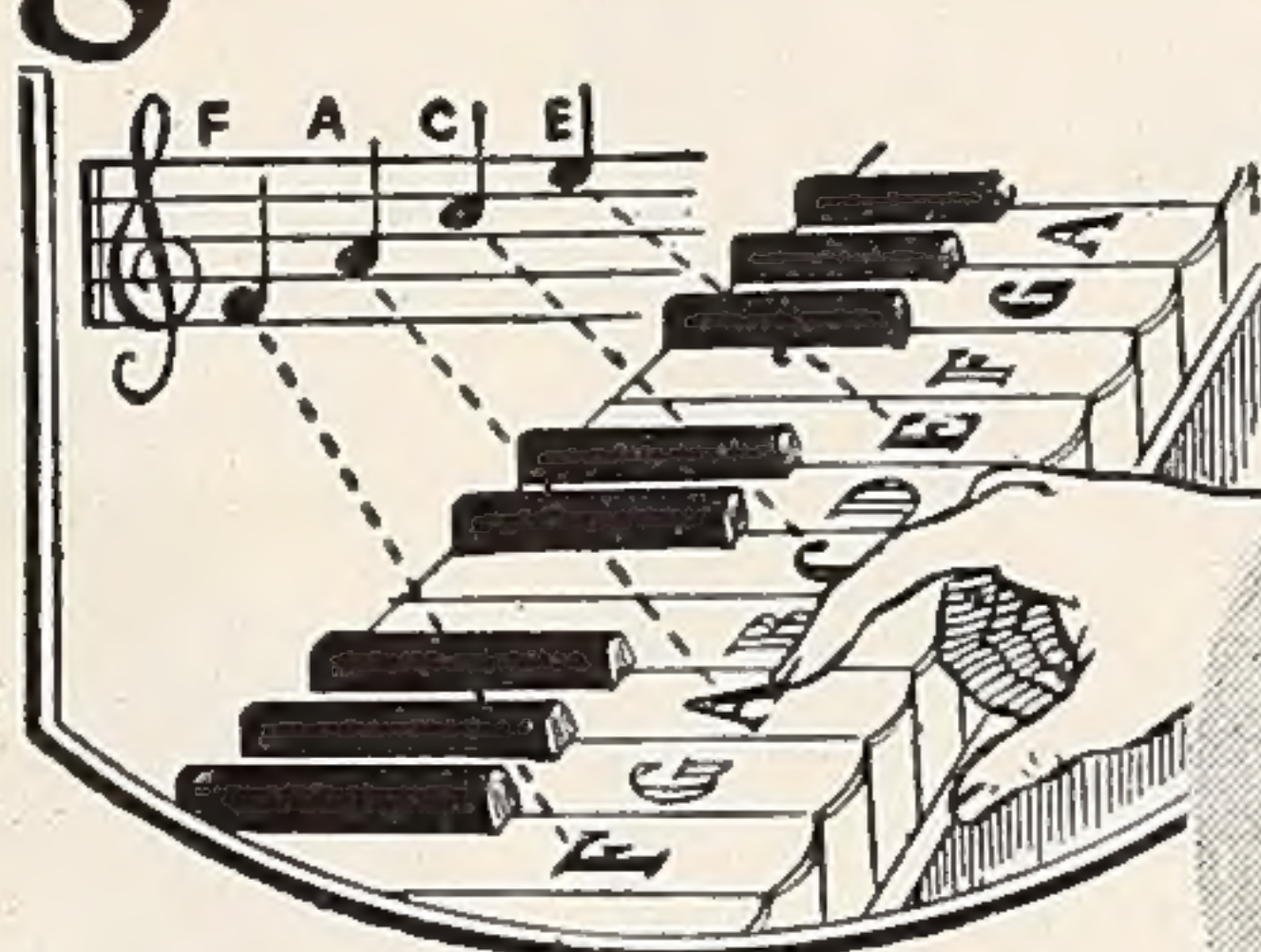
case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

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If you really do want to play your favorite instrument, fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1197 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. City.

U. S. School of Music, 1197 Brunswick Bldg., New York City
Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....



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Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument

Coming in the August

SILVER SCREEN

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See the beach houses.
Learn who are neighbors.
Find your way about at Malibu.



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LITTLE OF THE

Some like gay pictures and some like gangs.



REVIEWS LATEST PICTURES

Pick your pictures from these tabloid reviews.

Neil Hamilton puts a kiss on Elissa Landi's wedding ring finger in "The Woman in Room 13."

ALIAS THE DOCTOR

Good
(First National)

Richard Barthelmess is the young surgeon, who, without the necessary diploma, steps into his dead foster-brother's shoes and performs a most serious operation successfully. Dick is fine in this, even though the story will not add many laurels to his excellent repertoire. Marian Marsh provides the heart interest and is utterly lovely.

ARE YOU LISTENING?

Fair
(M-G-M)

Here Bill Haines is a white-collar man, working in a radio broadcasting station. He dislikes his nagging wife, Karen Morley, but she won't divorce him because he can't pay enough alimony. He is in love with Madge Evans, but she won't respond without benefit of clergy. Thru an accident Karen dies and Bill is apprehended for murderous intent and sent to Sing Sing. Not so pleasant. Bill is better at wise-cracking.

AMATEUR DADDY

Fair
(Fox)

This is sort of Winnie the Pooh-ish. Warner Baxter, a steel worker, goes to a lonely ranch to care for the kiddies of his buddy, who has been killed. He "mothers" them most effectively, fixes their broken-down home and then—discovers oil in the ground! At that point he learns that he has been "mothering" the wrong family of Smiths. Marian Nixon, Frankie Darrow and David Landau help the plot considerably.

THE BROKEN WING

Good
(Paramount)

Even though this plot may be familiar to you, cheer up! It's never been so romantic or exciting before. Leo Carrillo plays the beeg bad Mexican and Lupe Velez the girl who yearns for a handsome blonde giant. He enters her life in the person of Melvyn Douglas, an American aviator, and then the fun begins. Finally, after many Mexican war whoops on Carrillo's part, Lupe flies away with her aviator.

THE CROWD ROARS

Terrific
(Warners)

Around and around the Indianapolis auto track, at 104 miles an hour, goes James Cagney. The audience goes with him and loves it!

In this Cagney is a gangster in spirit, makes his own laws and sometimes those of Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Eric Linden with whom he comes in contact. The old race track still has a thrill and roar of its own!

DANCERS IN THE DARK

Excellent
(Paramount)

Jack Oakie has an orchestra in which Miriam Hopkins is the taxi dancer and William Collier, Jr., the saxophone player. The dance hall is the hangout of a crook, George Raft, and does he make things snappy! There is a triangle love affair between Jack and Miriam and Collier, Jr., which ends on a highly exciting note.

THE DOOMED BATTALION

Good
(Universal)

Meet Tala Birell, the well known Viennese actress, who you will want to see again—and again. The plot concerns a battalion of Austrian troops holding, at desperate cost, a pass in the Austrian Alps against the Italians, led by Victor Varconi. It is plumb full of action, adventure and suspense, and the photography is gorgeous.

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE

Good
(Warners)

A good exposé of the city newshound racket but it's not theatrical enough to be a rival to "Five Star Final." Vivienne Osborne's banker husband is murdered one night in a small upstate town and the smart-aleck reporters from the Big City arrive on the scene. However, Tom Brown (watch him, girls!) as the kid reporter of the small town newspaper, makes the big scoops and also wins Joan Blondell, the sob sister from New York.

THE LOST SQUADRON

Fine
(Radio)

Richard Dix, Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong were buddies in the Aviation Corps, during the war. Comes the depressing aftermath and the three meet at a studio in Hollywood. Von Stroheim is the picture director who allows one of this trio to be killed for a thrilling scene, and the remaining two see that justice is done. It is intense and exciting.

MAN WANTED

Delightful
(Warners)

Kay Francis is perfectly cast as a society matron editing a smart magazine. Her husband, Kenneth Thomson, favors polo and the ladies, so you can't blame Kay for falling in love with David Manners, who is a member of her office staff. Una Merkel and Andy Devine prove rollicking laugh-getters, and the entire affair is destined to give you a perfectly grand evening

THE MIRACLE MAN

Good
(Paramount)

Here's that silent classic, which established the fame of so many favorites, brought up to date as a talkie. The story concerns a gang of crooks who create a "miracle man" out of a kindly, spiritual hermit residing in a small village. Their reformation is gradual but highly impressive. Hobart Bosworth is excellent as the "miracle man" and Sylvia Sydney, Irving Pichel and little Bobby Coogan all play capably.

THE MOUTHPIECE

Good
(Warners)

This story is based on the colorful incidents in the life of a famous criminal lawyer—supposedly William J. Fallon—and contains two highly dramatic courtroom scenes. Young boys with aspirations to become lawyers will eat this one up. Warren William plays the dissolute but brilliant lawyer very effectively and Sidney Fox is adequate as the dumb stenographer. As the wise-cracking, cynical secretary in love with her boss, Aline MacMahon is utterly delightful.

NIGHT COURT

Excellent
(M-G-M)

A picture packed with action and thrills. As the corrupt judge of a night court, Walter Huston railroads Anita Page, the innocent wife of Phil Holmes, a taxi driver, to jail in order to cover some of his own bribes. There is a terrific climax. The cast includes Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt and Tully Marshall.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU

Perfection
(Paramount)

Ernst Lubitsch directed this delightful farce with its incidental songs that are so witty and so gay. The inimitable Chevalier plays

the doctor husband, in love with his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, but unable to withstand the advances of his wife's best friend, Genevieve Tobin. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles contribute mightily to the general amusement.

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US *Good (Warners)* Here the characters have so much money they just have to find something else to worry about. So Ruth Chatterton, always the aristocrat, becomes torn between her love for a young author, George Brent, and the husband she's had for twelve years. Bette Davis and Adrienne Dore are perfect "Park Avenue pests." It is all very leisurely, but you'll go crazy about Chatterton's gowns.

SCARFACE *Highly Exciting (United Artists)* The best gangster picture made to date. In it the gangster is not glorified; in fact you despise him. Here you see Paul Muni boosted to the top of the heap by his vicious gang, and then dropped cruelly in the end, snivelling in his death agony. There are bits in this that will be talked about for years. Paul Muni is marvelous, but is ably assisted by Karen Morley, Ann Dvorak and George Raft.

SO BIG *Delightful (First National)* Barbara Stanwyck is the idealistic young schoolmarm who arrives in a country town during the rugged eighties, and is forced to struggle with the soil and make it pay. Thru her gallant efforts she educates her son to be a successful architect. There is plenty of comedy and the

supporting cast, including George Brent, Dickie Moore and Bette Davis, is excellent.

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION *Excellent (Radio)* Thru the sacrifices of his family, a young Jewish boy becomes a great surgeon. He is only interested in serving humanity, but his brother and sister coerce him into a "society" practice and he forgets his clinic in the Ghetto and the lame girl (Irene Dunne) whom he loves. Eventually, after much spiritual suffering, he renounces his fashionable practice and returns to the Ghetto. Ricardo Cortez is fine as the doctor.

THE WET PARADE *Fair (M-G-M)* Mainly propaganda on the liquor situation. First we meet the Southern Colonel (Lewis Stone) who loves his Bourbon; then the Northerner (Walter Huston) who loves his likker, be it what it may. Drink brings tragedy to the families of both, and finally Dorothy Jordan, the daughter of the Colonel, marries Robert Young, the son of Huston, and together they try to stamp out the liquor evil. Both the "wets" and the "drys" seem to have equal innings.

YOUNG AMERICA *Great Entertainment (Fox)* This is a worthy successor to "Bad Girl." In it those young adolescents, Tommy Conlon and Raymond Borzage, rob a drug store to get medicine for poor old Granny Beryl Mercer. They are brought to juvenile court and have to face Judge Ralph Bellamy himself. A young couple, Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon, adopt Tommy and from then on the scenes move to a swift and engaging conclusion.



Aviator, director and a man proud of his job, Clarence Brown makes a nineteen and a half hour transcontinental flight with the print of the very successful "Letty Lynton," in which he directed Joan Crawford. The fine discrimination, bravery and adventure that he puts into his pictures is the expression of the man's own ebullient personality.



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Announcement Concerning the Award of

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GOLD MEDAL
for BEAUTY

AT THIS time ballots are arriving by the thousands testifying to the affection in which the fans hold the beautiful girls of the screen. We are astounded and delighted at the enthusiasm with which this award of a Gold Medal for Beauty has been received.

Who will win the honor of being the Most Beautiful Girl in Hollywood?

Every effort is being made to quickly classify the ballots. As we go to press the following beautiful girls have received the most votes:

Joan Crawford
Marlene Dietrich
Madge Evans
Garbo
Janet Gaynor

Jean Harlow
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Jeanette MacDonald
Norma Shearer

Will the exotic beauty of Joan Crawford, which has won for her world wide fame, be chosen by the voters of SILVER SCREEN for this additional honor?

Or will Marlene Dietrich or Madge Evans supplant Joan in the balloting?

Or will some other name be engraved upon the medal?

(Beauty has at last gone on the gold standard)

In the August issue will appear the portraits of the girls who stand highest in the voting.

DON'T MISS THE AUGUST ISSUE OF SILVER SCREEN
AND THE ART INSERT OF THE GOLD MEDAL BEAUTIES.

Ask Me Another

By SALLY FORTH

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally FORTH, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

PATTY: Joel McCrea is not red headed. In his next picture, "Bird of Paradise," he has a very nice part. He is six feet two inches tall and weighs 178 pounds.

David Landau is a wonderful character actor and he played the father of Sylvia Sidney in "Street Scene."

William Bakewell is 24 years old and your Aunt Sally also likes his screen work very much. Wait for "While Paris Sleeps" and you will see him in an excellent part.

MARTHA: I am answering your letter about Melvyn Douglas and I hope that the other girls who wrote in will let this be their answer as well, for Melvyn is building up a fan following very rapidly. He has been free-lancing and in his next picture he plays opposite Greta Garbo. The name of the picture is "As You Desire Me." By all means ask him for an autographed photograph, although I have no way of knowing whether he is still answering such requests. While he is free-lancing you can reach him at the M-G-M Studios. Did you see him in "The Broken Wing?" Melvyn is a native of Macon, Georgia, but attended college at the University of Nebraska where he became interested in amateur theatricals. He married Helen Gahagan while playing with her in "Tonight or Never," the last Belasco production. Douglas is fond of outdoor sports and is also a talented pianist.



Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller's popularity is not confined to the fans—ask Una Merkel.

MARY LOU: Ramon Novarro is our most romantic bachelor. He was born thirty-three years ago in Durango, Mexico. His real name is Ramon Samaniegos.

If you write a letter to the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, I am sure that it will reach Janet Gaynor. She is 25 years old this year and I think we all should celebrate.

I wish that I could tell you where to send your motion picture play, but as all scenarios are returned unopened from the large studios it is very difficult to reach the editors. There are agents, however.

ANITA: When you write to Marion Davies address your letter in care of the M-G-M Studios, and I am sure that you stand a very good chance of reaching Marion, for she is very much interested in her screen work and enjoys going over the letters she receives from unknown correspondents. I have talked with Marion and in real life she is very much the person she appears to be on the screen, particularly in "Polly of the Circus." In fact her screen success is attributed to the friendly good-natured personality that is really her own.

OSCAR: Have you seen "The Mouthpiece?" As you are interested in Sidney Fox, I am sure you will enjoy her in that very much. Sidney was born in New York and is quite a serious little student, for she is a bit under five feet tall and a few pounds under 100. You can write her at Universal. I am sure that she will understand your case, for she once wrote "Advice to the Lovelorn" for the Associated Newspapers. Sidney reached the screen after Broadway stage experience and made her conspicuous success in "Strictly Dishonorable."

JEAN: Ronald Colman, who, at this time, is at work on "Way of a Lancer" at the United Artists Studios, has been in pictures a number of years, having made his first success in "The White Sister" and his outstanding hit in "The Dark Angel" back in the days of silent pictures. His performance in "Bulldog Drummond" will be remembered and his second most important part was in "Beau Geste." His recent success, "Arrowsmith," is still being shown and perhaps you have had an opportunity to see it. Colman, who once was married, is now single. His cultured voice is the result of stage training and he is one of the few actors whose popularity increased tremendously when talking pictures came into existence.

M.A.P.: So you liked Mitzi in "One Hour With You." So many people are talking about her performance that you will be sure to see more of your favorite. This part was played by Genevieve Tobin, who is an experienced stage actress. Miss Tobin was born in New York, where she has appeared in a number of important productions, including "Murray Hill" with Leslie Howard. Genevieve is five feet three and one-half inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has green eyes, and light, reddish brown hair.

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OVER HOLLYWOOD

By Donovan Pedelty



Harold Lloyd and Louise Closser Hale in "Movie Crazy." The trick boutonniere proves surprising.

FIVE thousand feet up we can see every scattered studio in Hollywood (and every orange grove from the Pacific Ocean to the Mojave Desert). Flung off from the dark centre of the town, the M-G-M and Fox studios are nearest the sea. The dark stubble on Metro's chin is in reality a gaggle of oil derricks and Fox's green halo is a golf course.—Equally far out north, Warners and Universal lie like diced vegetables beside the dark caterpillar of the Hollywood hills.

Lost somewhere in the congested, misty centre of the map below us are the Paramount, Radio and United Artists studios, Columbia, Tiffany, Tec-Art and Poverty Row. For the first time I can say "So this is Hollywood?" and what good does it do me?

What goes on in orange groves is not for me to say, but I know that down there, where those dice show, are places to eat, sleep and work, Jeanette MacDonald is fainting, Gene Raymond is being seduced, Barbara Stanwyck is trying not to be, Lillian Bond is being soaked to the skin by a sadistic gardener, Joan Blondell is giving up all that matters and Harold Lloyd is squirting white paint into the face of Louise Closser Hale—and we can't see any of that here.

Skipper! Wing over, will you?

So he does, and in fifteen seconds Pedelty and pilot do a falling-leaf into Paramount's back lot and join the band of lads ready and willing to bring back the blushes to Jeanette's cheeks.

At Paramount—with Jeanette MacDonald

THIS set for "Love Me Tonight" is an amazing thing. You may not think an imitation building rates a rave, but I want



Lowell Sherman and Constance Bennett in "The Truth About Hollywood"—the new "trend."

to tell you that Paramount has shot half a million on this plaster palace for Chevalier, and at this time half a million is a lot of money from any worried banker.

If we were not right here looking at it, it would be unbelievable. The entire stage has been built over. The great hall, the grand staircase, the drawing room, music room, bedrooms, pantries, kitchens and boudoirs of the palace of Princess Jeanette fill the giant building—a monument to the jealousy left behind by "Grand Hotel."

The sixteen-foot double doors are apparently of aluminum and calf leather, the gleaming floors of polished oak, the stairs and statues of marble, bronze and alabaster, the footmen evidently of silver and gold. One fact stands out far enough to be startling even among all this—the rows of busts and the long lines of portraits in oils

What They Were Shooting on Every Stage of Every Lot on May 5th.

of the ancestors of the Duke, whose ducal palace this is, all strongly resemble C. Aubrey Smith.

You can account for that by Rouben Mamoulian's clever direction and the fact that the present day Duke, harassed father of Princess Jeanette (MacDonald to you), is no other than that fine old British bowler, C. Aubrey Smith.

All the time we've been rubbernecking, Jeanette, in georgette frock, white gloves, sandals and a picture hat, has been lying in a faint at the foot of the stairs, and Jeanette's faints are almost the whole story of "Love Me Tonight."

You see, this little songbird is a Princess in historic France and when the Duke consults the doctor about her fainting spells he taps her deferentially on her royal chest and laughs. There's nothing radically wrong with her, except that the lass ought to be married. Ingrowing instincts, one might say.

But that's the trouble. A Princess must marry one of her own rank—and of the two eligibles one is 72 and the other 12. Jeanette must performe faint on.

Butterworth and Charlie Ruggles

MEANWHILE, as they say in the best melodramas, Charlie Ruggles has been wobbling into trouble again. Charlie



Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney on Stage 7 make "Merrily We Go To Hell."

is Jeanette's cousin. All European aristocracy has been inbred to the extent of thousands of cousins, so that we also have Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy in the family.

Kept short of cash by his uncle the Duke, Ruggles owes money to every tailor in town except Chevalier. So he gives his custom generously to Maurice, and owes him too. Egged on by his own creditors, Maurice goes to the palace to try and collect and is passed off by the desperate Charlie as his friend "the Baron." What! you mean to say you've guessed the end?

This particular faint is the first to be established, and Butterworth is doing his best by rushing up and down moaning and calling for help. Aristocratic guests rush in from all directions. Duke Smith explains everything with the words "She's fainted again."

Right then Aubrey Smith gets mad. It is his cue to tell his nephews to get some footmen to carry the gal upstairs, and for them to remind him that they are all out playing football.

"This is no time," he says, "for reminiscences. Go and get some footballs to carry her up."



Spencer Tracy is the trainer and James Dunn the boxer in "Society Girl."

"Cut!" shouts Mamoulian as the company explodes into a laugh. "Okay Aubrey. I can cut in the end from another take. Save 'em."

At the word, the huge, round, incandescent arcs massed like moons round the tops of the palace walls wink out, and suddenly in the gloom the half million dollar set looks like two bits. There is nothing more depressing than an unlit movie set. Bright lights are just around the corner. Let's go.

Sylvia Sidney and Fred March

DOROTHY ARZNER, dressed for a game of golf in Scotland, is directing "Merely We Go To Hell" on Stage 7. She has a tough assignment—which may account for the brogues and beret. This is a story of a young newspaperman (Fredric March) whose bride (Sylvia Sidney) encourages him to quit work and write a play. The play is rejected by every producer in the Big Town, at which time relations between Jerry and Joan grow worse and worse. Then all unexpectedly (you didn't guess it either) the play is accepted—and there you are.

At the moment Skeets Gallagher is mixing cocktails in the March apartment while Esther Howard is dribbling fingers over a keyless piano. (They'll dub the music in later and you'll never know the difference.)

There is something much more interesting at the other end of the stage—a penthouse apartment built among the roofs of New York. I never tire of these movie miracles of illusion. Step up three steps on to the little garden of this make-believe and I defy you not to feel dizzy. Given that blueness which connotes height and distance, with winking window lights, and flashing electric signs so tiny and foreshort-

ened that they seem to be hundreds of feet below you, New York's canyons drop away below to a distance which makes the head swim and the heart soar. And the whole thing is canvas and three-ply wood not more than four feet high.

Sari Maritza and Gene Raymond

ACROSS a narrow alley of yellow cement, through a low, heavy door and we are in Soviet Russia, rambling amongst the retorts, crucible, test-tubes, furnaces and



Stage 2 at Universal, with Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell in "Tom Brown at Culver."

bunsen burners of "Forgotten Commandments." This film, my children, is about wickedness. Consequently it is also about science, and those unscrupulous men who turn litmus paper blue.

The one thing I can't see is why Paramount should sandwich into this perfectly good story the three biblical reels of Cecil B. de Mille's old "Ten Commandments." I never knew why they were in "The Ten Commandments" either.

Pick your way over those glass jars, duck under the floor flood-lamps and I'll introduce you to the leading lady of this moonpitcher. You don't know Sari Maritza, do you? Probably never seen her work? I have. I played mouthpiece to her discovery in London three years ago—and I'm telling Paramount that if they treat her right they've got the natural successor and Heiress Apparent to Marlene Dietrich.

Sari is young, fresh, perfectly proportioned from shoulders to toes, merry, and malleable. Her fault is a wide mouth. Dietrich, Garbo, Crawford and Tobin have mouths as wide or wider.

Louis Gasnier, directing, calls the turn. Sari stamps out her cigarette and walks under the lights. Even the Russian smock cannot hide the beauty of that figure. She climbs up a ladder, reaches for a scientific tome and clings to the top bookshelf. They take the ladder away as the camera and recording machinery hit their speed.

"Help," calls Sari, wriggling those legs. Blond, beaming, beatific Gene Raymond rushes in. He wants to take it big, but Gasnier won't let him. "What," he demands, "do you think this is? A Keystone comedy? Keep turning—start again."

Sari's little fingers are cracking. Gene gathers up her legs and reaches the rest of her on the sailor's-hornpipe principle.

"You're very—strong," says Sari, and her tone means do you know any more feats of strength. Gene—only a Russian student—doesn't receive. "I used to work on a farm," he explains. But give her time and he'll get the idea.

In the close-up Gasnier wants a different reading. Sari—for which I can't blame her—can't feel it that way, so Louis gets it

[Continued on page 62]



Paul Muni in "Scarface," the picture that overthrew corrupt politicians!

NEWS

The exploding flashlights (they use the new bulb kind now) of the news photographers illuminate the onward march of

SILVER SCREEN

News writers on the spot secure for you first hand, first person reports of your favorites in Hollywood. The roaring motors of the air mail driven by intrepid pilots rush the manuscripts to this office, (last month's gossip paragraphs arrived quite wet—a mute testimonial to the air mail lad drowned in that mid-west plane accident). The NEWS! There is an intangible quality about news which is desired by every publication. In the screen field it is of the utmost value, and this news *must be told by photographs*. SILVER SCREEN has the latest photographs of the stars, the latest thrills from the pictures, the latest off-stage shots. All described in the latest chatter and gossip.

The May issue of SILVER SCREEN had the FIRST picture of Norma Shearer in a scene from "The Strange Interlude."

The June issue of SILVER SCREEN printed the FIRST pictures on the newsstands of Garbo and her silver wig in "As You Desire Me."

This July issue of SILVER SCREEN gives you FIRST pictures of the new fad in hair-dressing as seen at the opening of "Grand Hotel."

Select your fan magazine so that you may enjoy the news while it is news.

10c On the newsstands the 7th of each month. 10c



Chester Morris and Jean Harlow in the first shots of the picture in which everyone is interested.

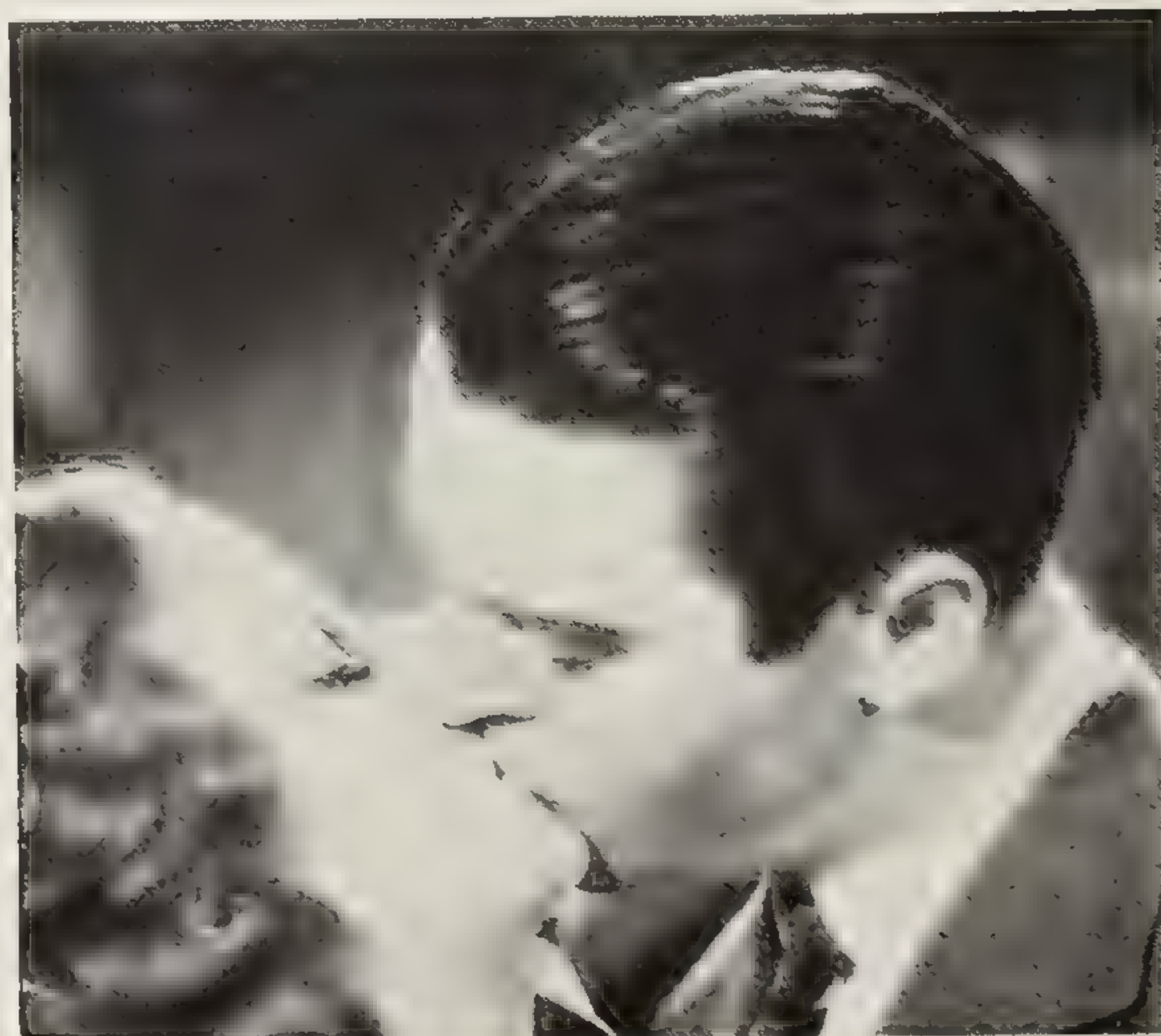
Jean Harlow in "The Red Headed Woman"

It took months to decide who should play the part of the red headed gal in Katherine Brush's great story. Jean Harlow won.



"The Red Headed Woman" at work — Jean Harlow and Chester Morris.

Read the story on page 47.





"Hooray for de Fo'rt! But am I noiyou!" Durante and Maureen O'Sullivan celebrate.

GRETA GARBO attended the evening performance of the Harold Kreutzberg dance recital and sat in the third row. She was dressed in an old tweed coat, a turtle neck sweater, and a pull-down hat and she was with an elderly couple. Just four seats away on the same row sat Marlene Dietrich and the inevitable von Sternberg. Fraulein Dietrich was simply gorgeous in green velvet. Wonder what Marlene thought when she looked at Greta—and vice versa?

VARIETY has a good one on Groucho's young offspring, Arthur Marx (named after uncle Harpo). Last week Arthur told the old man that he was quitting school for good. Groucho started to explain why that was the wrong attitude for a young man but the kid merely shrugged his shoulders. "Eddie Cantor made a personal appearance at the school today," said Arthur. "It's bad enough just going to school but I hear enough bum jokes at home."

WELL, folks, here's the latest faux pas made by that old Master of faux pas, Sam Goldwyn. It was told to us by Harpo Marx and it sounded awfully funny the way he told it. Goldwyn had been down to the horse races at Caliente and was much impressed with a steeplechase he saw. "It was the most thrilling thing I ever saw," raved Mr. Goldwyn, "but at the last hurdle the caddy fell off the horse." And who's going to jockey for you at your next golf game, Sam?

CHARLEY BUTTERWORTH was carrying two exquisite rose-buds when he arrived at his girl friend's house. She was touched by the sweet simplicity of his gift and said with a flutter in her voice, "Oh, Charley, did you bring them to me?" "I didn't bring them far," Charley said drily, "They were growing on the rosebush by your door."

CLARK GABLE is such a human sort of person that you just can't help but have a warm spot in your heart for him. He moved into a new neighborhood recently (a simple apartment, nothing swanky for Mr. Gable) and it didn't take three little girls, ages ten, eleven and twelve, long to discover that they had a celebrated new neighbor. Gathering up courage the three called on him one afternoon, and instead of having them shooed away like so many flies, Clark had the maid show them in, ordered ice cream and cake, and autographed pictures for them. The little girls were simply tickled silly—and were their Mammams pleased! And perhaps a little envious.

ONE of Jack Oakie's about-to-be-married friends was given a linen shower the other day. Great was her surprise when a large and bulky package arrived with Jack's card. It contained towels from the Pullman company, napkins from several Hollywood hotels, and table cloths from two clubs. If he'll just send the silver along she'll be all ready to start housekeeping.

[More Movietown Topics on next page]



Clark Gable signs the book.



In the lobby was the Grand Hotel "desk," with a ledger in which the first nighters signed their names. Lew Ayres and Lola Lane just being photographed.

"GRAND HOTEL," says Will Rogers, "will probably be the only hotel to make any money this summer."

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Hearst." Which might be called the retort perfect.

HOLLYWOOD put on one of its most dazzling shows the night of the première of "Grand Hotel." What a night of color and suspense! From eight-thirty until ten, cars crawled slowly up the Boule-

AMONG the great and the near-great who looked breathlessly beautiful were:

Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), in a black crêpe gown with short puffed sleeves, a short white crêpe jacket showing same sleeve line.



Marlene Dietrich was gay in spite of her contract troubles. Cecil de Mille signing.



The Marquis de la Falaise and Gene Markey, with Mrs. Markey (Joan Bennett) in pale blue crêpe and sable, and the Marquise (Constance Bennett) in white crêpe trimmed with silver fox.



Grauman's Chinese Theatre at the opening of "Grand Hotel." One of Hollywood's big moments.

Jean Harlow (her platinum hair sensationally substituted by red hair), in a shell pink crêpe Vionnet model gown with a pink velvet cape, banded in sable fur—all of which set off the new titian coiffure.

Mrs. Nils Asther (Vivian Duncan), in a powder blue Lanvin model frock of flat crêpe with matching wrap of velvet with orchid fox fur collar.

Karen Morley, in an ensemble of gold-brocaded white satin with sable fur edging the sleeves; jewels of pearl and dull gold.

Mrs. Clark Gable, in white crêpe with mink-trimmed white velvet wrap.

Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), in all gray, ensemble of crêpe with cape wrap showing silver fox edging; fur muff.

Hedda Hopper, in a white chiffon gown with short wrap of American beauty velvet edged in Russian sable.

Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston), in a white lace dress with velvet wrap trimmed with white fox fur set off by green strapped slippers.

Dorothy Jordan, in all white crêpe frock showing tiny crystal beads; ermine wrap.

Mrs. Ronald Burla (Una Merkel), in a frock of Irish lace with

an ermine wrap that was lovely to say the least.

Polly Moran, in white and geranium red; gown of satin and wrap of velvet. [Continued on page 54]



Jean Hersholt greeted by Lawrence Grant, "desk clerk." At left, Wallace Beery and Mrs. Beery. Note the microphone which did the listening for a million ears.

All photographs by Wide World

The GIRLS WHO WILL BE GREAT STARS

*They Each Have One
Outstanding Quality.*

Madge Evans
will be a
great star,
and soon.

By
Patricia
Keats

BEWARE of the Greeks bearing gifts! (Even though they have a name for them you couldn't pronounce it). And beware of the moon pitcher stars bearing anything.

An actress who thinks she is so gifted that she can play every role on the cast sheet perfectly, has a lot of dull pictures coming to her. But the actress who is smart enough to realize her limitations and qualifications (we call 'em onions on Park Avenue) has the Box Office right behind her. And in these days, when the Wolf-at-the-door is showing his teeth like Gloria Swanson, a Box Office has appeal.

To survive in pictures each player must bring to the boiling cauldron which is Hollywood a bit of perfection. Not a lot of artistic gifts wrapped in cellophane—just one bit of perfection. Wise, indeed, is the player who knows just what she has to offer and how to make the most of it. In fact those misguided screen ladies who feel that they must be all things to all men for all time, invariably achieve a flat, dull mediocrity. Their pictures are So-So and Ho-Hum. You only go to see them on rainy afternoons when there's nothing else to do. The box office, Genevieve, fattens on specialists. Too bad, perhaps, but it's true.

Each player must have something to offer. And Beauty alone will not suffice. No, my pretty, Beauty won't get you a Beverly Hills house and a Rolls Royce these days. You have to have that precious little thing called Personality.

If you count off on your fingers the players who have made Big Hits, in the last few months, and given outstanding performances, you will name Wynne Gibson.

Wynne Gibson and Sylvia Sidney in "The Ladies of the Big House." Both came out potentially great and eager for the future.

The Blondell girl has her own particular sparkle, like diamonds. They weigh Joan in carats.

Madge Evans, petite Sylvia Sidney and Joan Blondell. And not one of them a star as yet! And that's a sentence fraught with meaning.

Long before Roscoe Ates can say Jack Robinson, Paramount will make Wynne Gibson a star. She has been dealing herself pat hands and taking in all the



tricks ever since she started playing the movie game. The box office is howling for the Gibson girl and that means that you, the people, like what Wynne has to offer. What is it? Why do you say when you are picture-shopping, "This ought to be good. Wynne Gibson's in it?"

I don't know when you became Gibson conscious, but it was in that staircase scene in "Ladies of the Big House" that I realized Wynne's potential greatness. "I hate so many people that I guess I had better start liking you," she said to Sylvia Sidney in the Big House. My heart contracted with the sheer pain of it. What a marvelous scene. And I began to wonder about Wynne Gibson. There's an inscrutable quality to her that's rather hard to put your finger on. But undeniably this inscrutable quality is the "something" that Wynne has. I believe that this mysterious attribute of hers is the suggestion that the character she is playing is thinking. That there are hidden fires smoldering, that possibly she is suspicious, possibly sad, but the "hatches are battened down." When an actress thinks, that's remarkable, but when a character thinks, that's Art.

All of Wynne's characterizations denote thought. Watch her the next time you see her on the screen. In character she does not think in the grand stagy manner by biting her lips and rolling her eyes, instead she suggests the mental operation merely with a certain tightening of the lips. Her whole method signifies a brain and poise.

Wynne is as natural off the screen as she is on, and she has the same way of saying what she

pleases, when she pleases, and to whom she pleases. When she was a student at the Wadleigh High School in New York she was suspended because she "cut" classes and went to matinees—and what was far worse, she wasn't the least bit sorry and said as much.

On the Paramount lot she is the chief delight of the prop boys, electricians and the hairdressers, and they'd go without lunch rather than miss one of her "Hi, fellows." She is the very essence of comradery. "I'll never be famous," Wynne laughed once, "because I can't even ritz a stray dog." She has pet names for all the directors. Just imagine the dignified Mamoulia being called "Mammy." Oh, every thing is hotsy totsy and hot-cha when Wynne comes along as pert and sassy as a baby bluejay. But any discerning person with half an eye can tell that the little blonde goil from New York isn't showing you her real self at all.

The real Wynne is hidden away tightly behind steel doors and it would take a lot of pounding on walls and breaking of barriers before you could find her. With lips and eyes smiling she flips off the latest wise-crack but it is all just so much surface. Deep in her heart she is
[Cont. on page 60]

After "The Strange Case of Clara Deane," Wynne Gibson's name will be of interest to every Electric Light Company. Her dramatic ability means blazing signs.



9 KINDS

of

The strong Personalities
of the Players Awaken
Responsive Emotions in
Their Friends.



By
S. R. Mook

To know Joan
Bennett is to know
a better side of
one's own charac-
ter.

YEARS ago Schiller wrote "We can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds they are all different. No one has a double in friendship."

Truer words were never written. Since I first came to Hollywood I have been fortunate enough to form a number of close friendships. They have lightened what would otherwise have been many dark hours. And, oddly enough, looking back on them now, I find that each of them has something different to offer. Also, I turn to different ones for companionship according to the mood I'm in.

I'm very proud of my friendship with Constance Bennett. I've known her for a number of years and can testify that she is one of the sweetest girls in the world. Her tremendous popularity proves it and there are no ifs, ands or buts. I am never the same Dick Mook when I'm going out there for an afternoon or evening. Don't ask me what it is about her that attracts people because I can't tell you. She just has that certain something. And when I'm bored with Hollywood and its provincialism, I find myself (since I'm fortunate enough to be on "dropping in" terms with her) dialing her 'phone number in the hope of finding her in, for there's nothing provincial about Connie. She has a metropolitan air about her—the air of your real cosmopolite. She brings Auteil, Cannes, the Riviera, Paris, London, Berlin, New York to you in an hour's chat.

And, knowing that Connie associates almost exclusively with clever people, I find myself suddenly talking far above my usual line of conversation—saying clever, witty things of which I'd never believed myself capable. She inspires you. When I've gone stale I can think of no mental tonic equal to even a small dose of her company. Lucky me!

Once I had been to Connie's to tea and left there



Neil Hamilton
and the author
setting forth on
a climb up
Mount Wilson.



The sym-
pathetic Helen
Twelvetrees.

to go to Fredric March's to dinner. It was like stepping into another world. Without consciousness, willingness or intention, I found another side of my nature taking charge. I no longer yearned to say witty, brilliant things. I hoped I would think of something which would reflect breeding and high character. Although Freddie is easy to converse with, he doesn't fool you. You know perfectly well that you are in the presence of a fine intelligence and that any misstatement you make is going to be held against you. Freddie has a well-trained logical mind.

With Connie, I'd rather say something smart that

FRIENDSHIP

might not be entirely accurate than to make a bald statement of indisputable fact, even though the fact might be unusual and not generally known. Because Connie would laugh and let it go at that. Freddie would laugh, too—at the moment. But a little later a funny look would settle on his face and he'd start cross-questioning me and asking where I'd got my dope. And pretty soon, to his intense delight, I'd be looking and feeling like a fool.

There's another thing about Freddie's friendship that is soul-satisfying. I like to talk shop and there are few people better posted on affairs of the stage and screen than Fred and Florence (his wife). An evening with them leaves you

Oh, to be
w i t t y ,
when one
is with
C o n n i e
Bennett!

Phillips Holmes
takes joy in let-
ting his friends
talk about
themselves.

The thought-
f u l L e w
Ayres is an
"understand-
ing guy."

feeling you're civil-
ized and cultured.

Another place I like to go to is Helen Twelvetrees' home. Whenever I have that what's-the-use feeling, Helen's is where I head for. There is a girl who has been through many rough times and who never quit fighting until she had licked Life. Any troubles I might have, pale into insignificance alongside what she has been through and she can talk to you in a manner that makes you have confidence in yourself and know that it's all going to come right in the end. She can be the most feminine, sympathetic and understanding girl imaginable one moment and as soon as she's convinced you that you have her sympathy and your troubles really matter to her, she'll change and start kidding you unmercifully to get you out of your dark mood.

I can't think of a better pal than Helen and her friendship means a lot because it's there for me at times when I need it most.

In contrast to Helen, there's my friendship with Chester Morris and his wife. When I'm feeling cocky I go up there and we have a grand time swapping insults. I may think I'm pretty [Continued on page 60]



Really Mary Brian is
just like her screen
self.

(At left) Chester Mor-
ris, a great chap to
fight with.

If one is serious Fred-
ric March will under-
stand. He does not
consider it priggish to
think.



WHEN JOAN COMES INTO



Joan, Robert
Montgomery
and Lewis
Stone.

Joan Crawford, in spite of her "Grand Hotel" success, in spite of her tremendous "Letty Lynton," has not yet reached the limit of her powers nor the goal of her ambitions.

By
Hale
Horton

THERE is something thrilling in writing a story about Joan Crawford, a woman who slowly but surely is becoming one of the greatest actresses of all time, a woman who possesses a latent power so vast, so tremendous, that its potentialities have inspired her to consecrate her life to its service.

But on the other hand one finds something futile in writing about her; for there is no more possibility of truly evaluating her character than there is of writing an unbiased biography of the great poet, Goethe, a task never accomplished . . . for both Joan and Goethe embrace all humanity.

By this I mean Joan is so big that everyone finds in her the embodiment of that which they supremely dislike, as well as that which they supremely like. There exists nothing in us which we may not find already in Joan, and in a more harmonious synthesis; and it's Joan's success, with the difficult task of harmonizing the many and opposing influences of her nature, that is making of her a great woman—for she possesses all the faults and all the virtues that are to be found in the human race.

She includes not only our faiths, but also our skepticisms and our cynicisms. She reveals our weaknesses and defects, yet she remains sensitively alive to the influences of life and nature and art; fearless in accepting all, eagerly tasting everything life has to



Nils Asther and Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton." Joan, torn by emotion, twists her body to convey perplexity, hunches her shoulders in defense, and in surrender lifts her arms, her head, and her very soul.

offer, bravely submerging herself in the very essence of living, which, in the deepest sense, means that gradually she will become a master of life, a Universal Woman.

People marvel at Joan developing herself from a harum-scarum Jazz-Baby into a poised, cultured woman of the world. "The very expression of Crawford's face seems to spring from something Divine" a young actress recently remarked. "It's as though an inner-fire, having suddenly been released, were expressing its new-found freedom by glowing sublimely from the shadow of her presence."

Coming from one who was once Joan's most persistent detractor, this rather impressed me. And of

course it's true. Joan's entire development has come from within. It would have been utterly impossible for her to have profited by the mistakes of others. She herself must personally experience life's joys and sorrows, no matter what the cost.

Some girls inherit a pretty fair knowledge of how to get on in the world, of how to find happiness. Joan learned only through a terrific, heart-breaking struggle. Some girls are capable of taking the advice of

HER OWN

those wise in the ways of men, and thereby avoiding the deep wells of suffering, but not so Joan, the smoldering, primitive child of genius. She learned only by falling in head over heels, always emerging, though, with a more profound knowledge of life.

My study of Goethe and Joan Crawford was inspired by an intense dislike. I considered Goethe a conceited prig, Joan a super-sentimentalist. Gradually it occurred to me that I disliked Goethe for his conceit simply because conceit happened to be one of my own many faults—and that I had seen my own overly-sentimental nature mirrored in Joan. This stimulated my interest, and after studying them both I discovered they possessed traits so great that my dislike was speedily supplanted by a wholesome admiration. And in Joan's case at least, by astonishment—astonishment that she had been able to triumph over a nature filled with so many conflicting qualities, the sum total of which constituted a terrific force for either good or evil.

Joan was born with potentialities that might have just as easily hurled her to destruction as carried her to success. Subconsciously she was overwhelmed by the conflict of these forces within her. A vague awareness of the two extremes in her destiny afflicted her with fits of depression interspersed with fierce, joyous imaginative flights. She became neurotic, restless of spirit and imbued with the idea that true peace and happiness for her was an extremely remote possibility.

The queer hungry, haunted look that once distinguished Joan's features was



Other stars have beauty, brains, and emotions but Joan has more. She has an insatiable ambition and the most remarkably expressive figure on the screen.

not simply a superficial mannerism, but rather an etching of the gnawing fear within her. Then, when she noticed the sublime contentment of her childhood friends, when she felt their superiority in manner and worldly goods, she came to the conclusion that she was made of inferior stuff, and that somehow she must lift herself by material accomplishment and wealth before she ever could become their equal in worldliness or spiritual contentment.

Her incentive was wrong, of course, but nevertheless it inspired her with a driving ambition. Had she but known it there never can be happiness for such natures as hers until they either have gone to Hell so far and so thoroughly that the spirit is numbed, or until they have risen to such heights in which the spirit may set itself free.

Joan, however, stumbled blindly on, struggling against tremendous odds, at times nearly being beaten by her potential strength; and as she groped hopefully through life, testing this experience, trying that, she suffered pro-

[Cont. on page 51]

Elizabeth Wilson Learns about

ROSES,



"My mother never told me, Zeppo," Thelma Todd murmurs.
Harpo appears to be slightly skeptical.



Norman McLeod, Director of "Horsefeathers," does the Harpo imitation that has swept Hollywood.

THE moon was half-shot. The stars were dizzy and the skies were so many sheets to the wind. The walls were plastered, the alarm clock was cuckoo. It was all quite, quite crazy. But what can you expect of the Four Marx Brothers? "Horsefeathers!" On tip-toes I approached the set where the cameramen were shooting. Stifling a desire to sneeze (I never had hayfever until they started these goldurn talking pitchers) I concealed myself behind a vase of roses. It was a tender little love scene. The inimitable Harpo Marx, his hair flaming and his eyes popping, and luscious Thelma Todd were seated side by side, and quite comfy, thank you, on a most

seductive looking *chaise longue*. Pardon my French. The locale of "Horsefeathers" is a college town and Thelma Todd plays the inevitable College Widow on the make for any man. Harpo plays the town's dog-catcher, and what a catch. But when school lets out Thelma keeps in practice with the village oaf, even though he is a halfwit, firmly believing in that old bromide and seltzer that half an oaf is better than none. "Are you a good little boy?" Thelma asks, coyly chuckling our favorite Marx under the chin. Harpo shakes his head. "Are you a bad little boy?" Thelma asks hopefully. Harpo nods his head and flutters his eyes wickedly. "Aren't you ashamed?" demands the modest Thelma. For a second Harpo lowers his head in mock humility, then he does a flip-flop and lands in Thelma's lap, standing on his head. That was the scene. Practically nothing at all. But behind the roses I was going through all kinds of contortions to keep from laughing outright, and when you see this scene in your local

LOVE and SHOTGUNS

from

HARPO MARX

(If you quiz a Marx Brother, does that make him a Marquis? Harpo wants to know).

theatre I am willing to bet my bottom dollar, which happens to be my top dollar too, that you will become so hysterical that you won't even hear your appendicitus stitches ripping. After that I bet you'll be convinced, if you aren't already, that Harpo Marx is the funniest comedian in the world. And he hasn't said a word on stage or screen in over ten years.

If that isn't an argument for silent comedies well, I'll take vanilla. Harpo Marx shaking his head, ogling his eyes wickedly and smiling angelically, is funnier than Chevalier, Ed Wynn, Harry Richman, Mayor Jimmie Walker and Frank Fay all rolled into one and wise-cracking for dear life—and money. And it all goes back to that old theory that talking pictures rob the spectator of the fun of using his imagination. Mr. Public, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Public Enemy, have been around and seen things, and what they imagine is much funnier than anything Harpo might say—what with censors and such. What is left unsaid is far more amusing and provocative than what is said. That's life—in case you didn't know.

That little English chappie, Charlie Chaplin, knows all about life and the powers of the imagination too, and when talking [Continued on page 58]



Harpo losing control.
Run, Thelma, run!

FIRE*D* and HIRED

Many of the Stars Reached Success After Having
Been Discharged "For Incompetency."

By James M. Fidler

NOT only have the various film companies discharged Janet Gaynor and Dorothy Jordan, Clark Gable, John Gilbert, Charles Farrell and Joe E. Brown, but they have released many more, among them Edmund Lowe, Lew Ayres, Sylvia Sydney, Helen Twelvetrees, Clive Brook, Marian Nixon, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray, George Brent, Carole Lombard, Marian Marsh and Nancy Carroll.

Nor is even that the entire list, for a great many others have been given their walking papers, among them Wallace Beery, Bette Davis, Richard Dix, John Boles, Sue Carol, Maureen O'Sullivan, Sally Eilers, Jean Harlow, Una Merkel, Myrna Loy, Ann Dvorak, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce and Warner Baxter.

Impossible that all of these stars have been discharged, you cry? Not impossible, I repeat; they *have* been fired; ejected right out the studio gates; *bounced because studio officials decided they lacked personality or ability.* True, most of them were dismissed before they attained popularity, but the principal point in effect is that all were found lacking something.

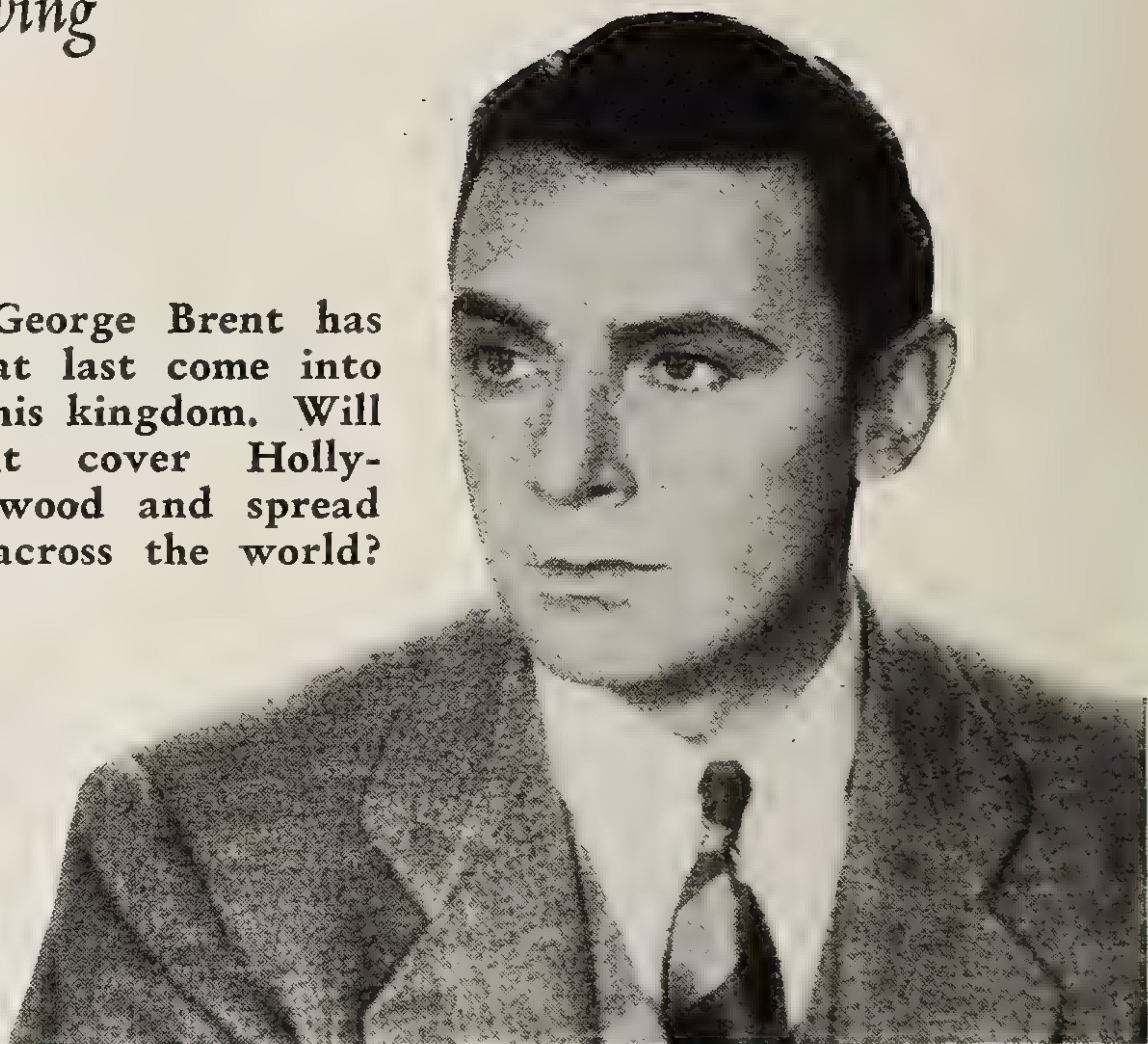
Janet Gaynor, for instance, was a stock player with the Universal Film Company at a salary of sixty dollars a week. She was released by officials who informed her they had nothing for her to do. Today the Fox Film Company spends half a million dollars annually finding things for her to do. She is ranked among the five box-office leaders and her pictures have profited the Fox officials several millions of dollars, but when she was with another company, she was scarcely noticed to the very day she was dismissed.

John Boles is a more recent case.



Clark Gable, the sensation of "A Free Soul," has been continually miscast yet he ranks today as the outstanding rave.

George Brent has at last come into his kingdom. Will it cover Hollywood and spread across the world?



Maureen O'Sullivan, the beautiful Irish girl. As "Seventh Heaven" made Charlie and Janet, so the name "Tarzan" will go echoing through the jungle of Hollywood because of the performances of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen.


He, too, was under contract to Universal, and he was discharged because he was hard to cast, according to company officials, and because he had been employed to star in screen musical comedies, which were no longer being produced. Again the Fox studio seized upon a Universal cast off. Less than two months later, officials [Continued on page 56]



VIRGINIA
BRUCE

WITH Paramount popping proposals, Virginia puts her fingers in her ears content with her "long-term" M-G-M contract. If she COULD hear, though, she would be pleased at all the nice things people are saying about her performances in "The Miracle Man" and "Sky Brides."

The
"Fourth"
Coming
Stars



MADGE EVANS

MADGE holds the record for vacations. She was a player when a child. She grew up and came back again and became one of the best. So, when we learn that she is walking out, we just go to "Huddle," her latest, sure that we can keep right on liking her. Madge couldn't stay away—thank goodness for that.

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



RUTH CHATTERTON

THE delightful personality of Miss Chatterton will come to us again in "The Rich Are Always With Us," which, in these days of short rations, is encouraging. It is really a delight to know that Ruth will be there, gracious and cultured, to remind us that the riches of personality and talent wither not nor fade.



CARY GRANT

HE IS a singer, as the patrons of the St. Louis Repertoire Company will boast, but after twelve operettas he ran away. In fact it's a habit. He ran away from home in Bristol, England, and while he couldn't exactly run away with "This Is The Night," what with Roland Young and all, he did make his javelin thrower stand out and you'll be seeing him.



HURRELL

MARGARET PERRY

THE stage play, "After All," one of John Van Druten's, has been screened with the title "New Morals for Old," and Margaret Perry plays the same part that she did on the stage. It reaffirms the old truth, all good things come to the screen "After All." She's one of our brightest red-heads. "The Most Dangerous Game" will be her next.



GWILI ANDRE

ERNEST A. BACHRACH

RADIO has introduced this new and lovely girl in "The Roar of the Dragon," opposite Richard Dix. Gwili, as we will all get to call her, comes from Denmark, where she first went dramatic, but three years in New York makes her ours. Why, she was here before Al Smith cast the Empire State for New York City headlines.



GEORGE RAFT

OTTO DY

IN "SCARFACE" he was the one gangster who was not afraid, and in "Dancers in the Dark" his inscrutable menace was as insistent as the whine of a bullet, penetrating every scene and conversation. George has a New York background and it looks as if this type will be his life's work. Seeing him is like crossing Broadway and 42nd Street.



SPENCER TRACY

IF GANG pictures did nothing more, they brought to the screen actors far, far removed from the pansy types, and that calls for plaudits. Spencer Tracy is such a fine looking cop in "Disorderly Conduct" and such a menacing he-man in "Society Girl" that he has got himself a following. It's going to be a tough break for a lot of Hollywood heroes if they have to make the grade of Spencer Tracy. He's going to prove a very good provider, if we know our box-office indications.



Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon in "Society Girl."

F. POWOLNY



Spencer and his mother.

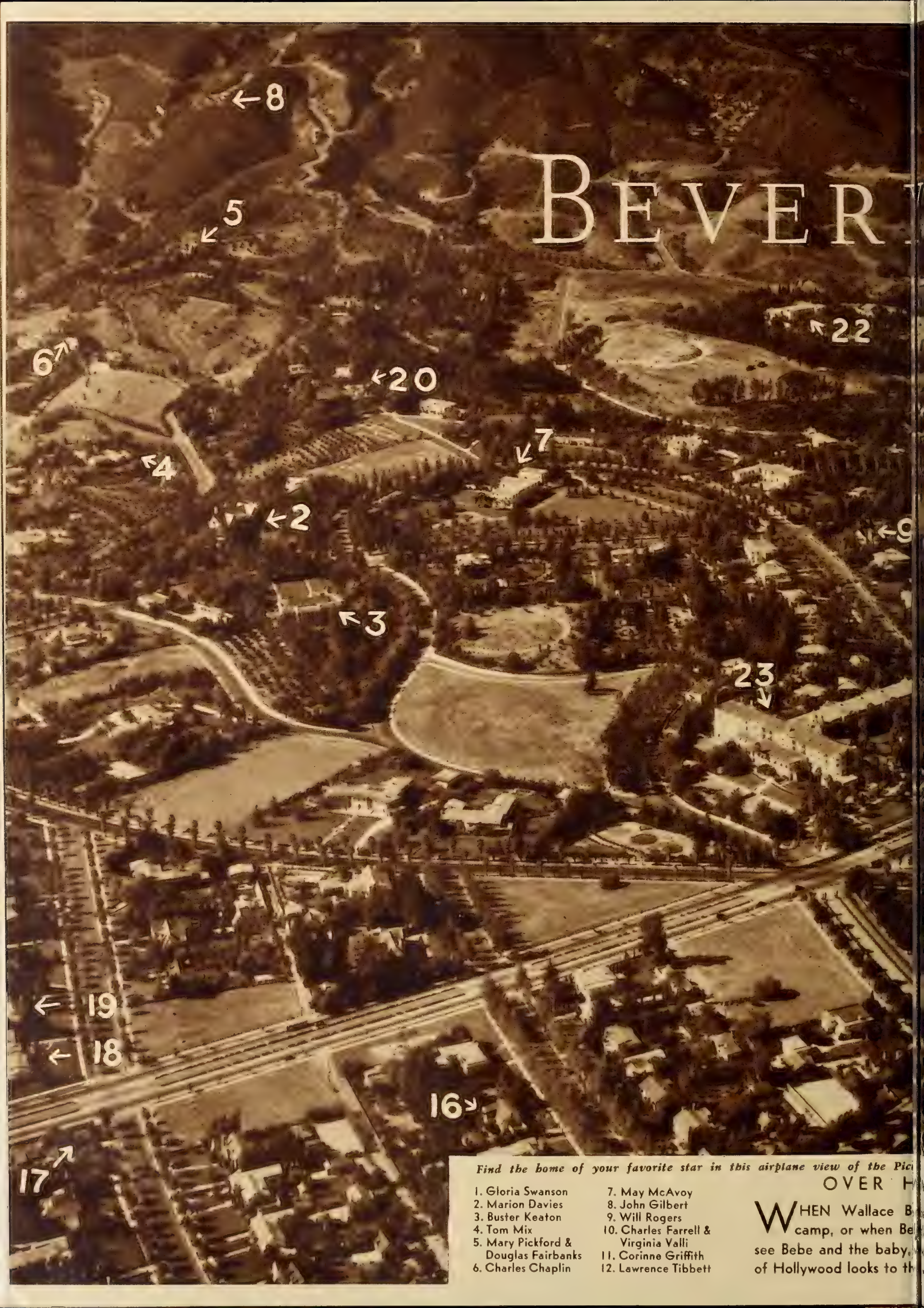


NORMA SHEARER

LIFE blossoms for Norma Shearer this year, and with "Smilin' Through" definitely taking form for her next picture, Norma has a right to look forward to a rich harvest of accomplishment. "Smilin' Through" would be certain success for any actress, but for Norma it is more than that. It fits her gentle quality of tenderness. Very likely it will be the greatest picture of her life.

HURRELL

BEVERLY



Find the home of your favorite star in this airplane view of the Pic

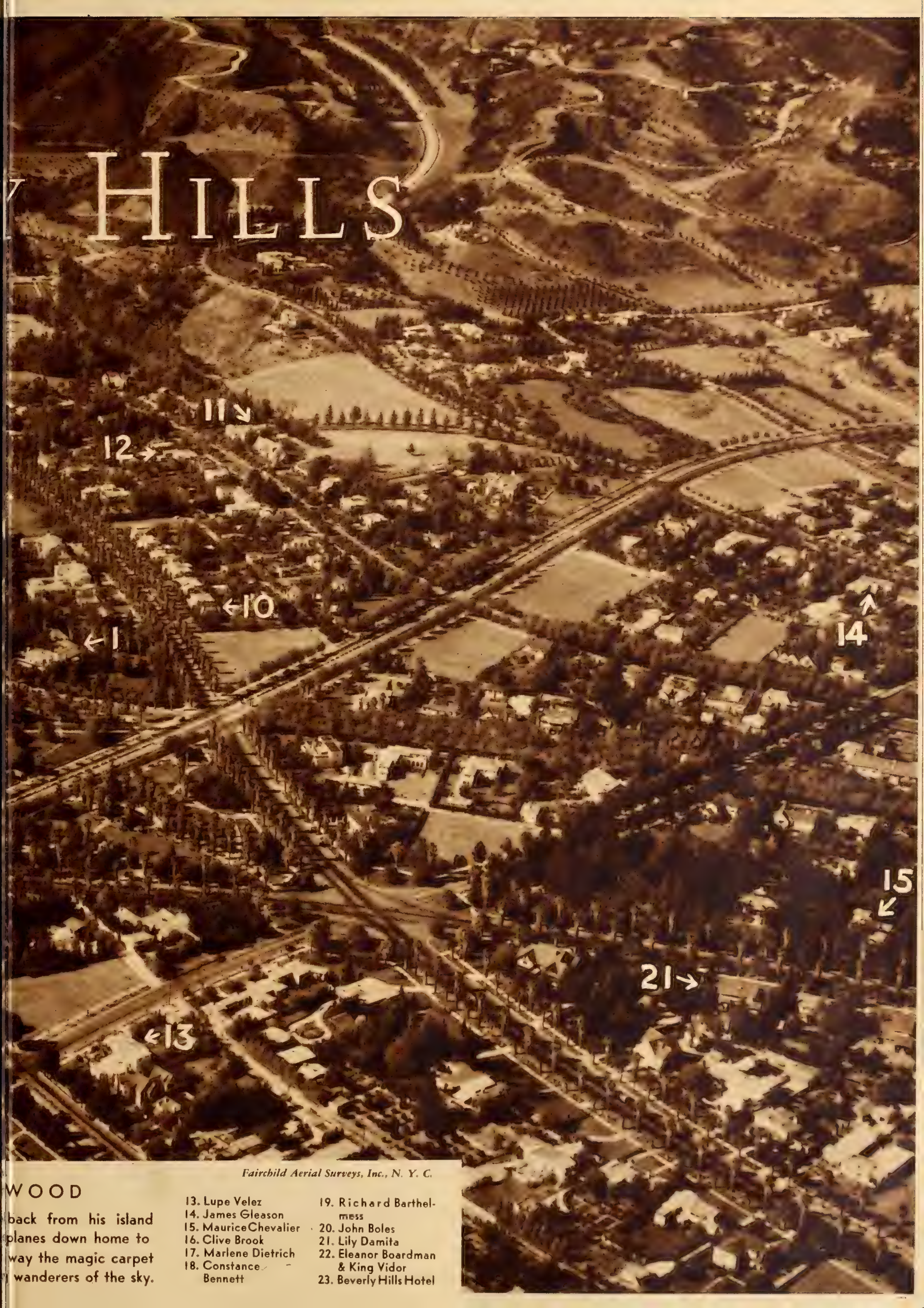
OVER H

1. Gloria Swanson
2. Marion Davies
3. Buster Keaton
4. Tom Mix
5. Mary Pickford & Douglas Fairbanks
6. Charles Chaplin

7. May McAvoy
8. John Gilbert
9. Will Rogers
10. Charles Farrell & Virginia Valli
11. Corinne Griffith
12. Lawrence Tibbett

WHEN Wallace B
camp, or when Be
see Bebe and the baby
of Hollywood looks to th

Y HILLS



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., N. Y. C.

WOOD

back from his island
planes down home to
way the magic carpet
wanderers of the sky.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 13. Lupe Velez | 19. Richard Barthel- |
| 14. James Gleason | mess |
| 15. Maurice Chevalier | 20. John Boles |
| 16. Clive Brook | 21. Lily Damita |
| 17. Marlene Dietrich | 22. Eleanor Boardman |
| 18. Constance | & King Vidor |
| Bennett | 23. Beverly Hills Hotel |



FREULICH

IRENE DUNNE and JOHN BOLES

FANNIE HURST'S novel, "Back Street," in picture form brings us John Boles and Irene Dunne, and as Universal gave the direction to John M. Stahl, we may expect in the film the fine dramatic simplicity of the book. Irene, who disdained to return to the stage for "Show Boat," will next be seen in "Thirteen Women."

ERNEST A. BACHRACH





HURRELL

KAREN MORLEY and WARNER BAXTER

THE plot of "Man About Town" sounds sophisticated, but probably Warner Baxter still has trailing after him some of the lovable hokum of "Daddy Long Legs," so that the only problem will be to get a seat. Karen is looking lovely, just now. Hard work agrees with her and the more we see of her the better we like her.





RAY JONES

Arletta Duncan and Tom Brown are "that way about each other. The cutest couple of the younger set. And in Hollywood it is quite the thing to dance in slacks! Arletta and Tom are two of the "young things" who advocate this style especially for very informal places, such as country club and beach club parties. Both are under contract to Universal. They are seventeen and eighteen, respectively. Arletta's white jersey slacks and white crocheted sweater are brightened with a red suède belt and red crocheted edging, bow and tassels on the sweater. Tom wears white trousers and turtle neck sweater with a tweed coat; both youngsters wear comfortable sandals—and how they do dance!



Karen Morley and Kane Richmond, featured players for M-G-M, in the mood for dancing, and in Hollywood's informal summer dancing costumes. Karen wears a white silk sports frock and Kane, white flannels and dark coat.

FASHIONS



Adrienne Ames and Cary Grant, Paramount players, dancing at the swanky Riviera Country Club. Miss Ames dons one of the new frock-pajama costumes in coral crocheted lace, over crêpe de Chine. The front of the frock is divided into pajamas while the back is a complete skirt. Mr. Grant wears a brown coat and tie, light cream colored flannel trousers and brown suède shoes for the event.



Rochelle Hudson and Bruce Cabot, both RKO players, at Malibu Beach. Rochelle is wearing the new "Olympic beret" with her dancing costume, which consists of backless one-piece pajamas of printed crêpe.

HAT DANCE



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

Dancing partners step the light, fantastic in organdies and flannels this summer. Joan Marsh, the M-G-M actress, shows a youthful number of white organdie with bands and jacket of black lace—while "Billy" Bakewell, her partner, wears white flannels with dark grey double-breasted coat. They are seen together often on Saturday afternoons, tea-dancing at the Cocoanut Grove.



Frances Dee and Charlie Starrett, Paramount players, find dancing at the Cocoanut Grove delightful—on Tuesday night of course, as this is the only night that the stars frequent the Grove. Frances is wearing the latest in evening gowns, a pale blue crêpe, massed with circles and dots of finely cut brilliants. The gown appears very graceful with its lengthy train, which is held up while dancing.



SYLVIA and FREDRIC MARCH

PAIRED for the first time in pictures in "Merrily We Go to Hell" Sylvia and Fredric remember those days in Denver when they played together in "stock" for fourteen weeks, little dreaming that this page would call them the leading heavy emotional artists in the picture world.

SYLVIA SIDNEY

IN "The Miracle Man" the marvel of Sylvia's troubled mouth and the wonder of her crinkled eyes again were delightful. Because of these peculiarly appealing features little has been said of that sulky quality which is just as eloquent of this girl, who is one of the most interesting in Hollywood.





Ralph Bellamy and Spencer Tracy in "Disorderly Conduct." Ralph was recently picked for the great part in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" opposite Marian Nixon.

Mr. Bellamy's LITTLE BOY

A Parent Speaks on His Favorite Topic.

By Rexford Bellamy

I AM Ralph Bellamy's father.

You young parents, who blush with embarrassment when Junior insists upon entertaining your guests with lisping rhymes, should pack your blushes away, for that was the manner in which one of our extremely gifted young actors began his career.

You all know Ralph Bellamy, don't you? He is one of this year's most promising actors. Don't you remember him in "The Secret Six?" He had only a small part in it but how he made it stand out! Of course you remember. I apologize for the nasty look. Then came his superlative performance of the blinded soldier in Ruth Chatterton's "The Magnificent Lie." His success in this picture was repeated when he played the ruthless German Commandant in "Surrender" and ended in a contract with Fox. Not so bad, eh?

But—smother those yawns, young parents, we're getting back to Junior. And by this time I suppose you're wondering what possible connection Junior can have with Ralph Bellamy's spectacular success.

Ralph was just another Junior. Yep! He began his acting career at the tender age of a year and a half. At that time he would climb upon a chair and jabber and gesticulate like a regular thespian, only pausing long enough for applause [Continued on page 61]

The poise that a great actor must have is born with him. Ralph, at the ages of eighteen months, two years, nine years, seventeen and now.



"They're Toasted"—

The Picture Girls Know How to Keep their Complexions Even in Summer Sunlight.

By Mary Lee

Sheila Terry and Betty Gillette play wheelbarrow with Gloria Shea. Good for beautiful arms.



MALIBU BEACH is really a cult! They're all sun-worshippers out there on that starry beach. Old Sol, being no respecter of persons, refuses to be outshone by the glitter of Hollywood's greatest. He both blesses and burns the highest priced anatomy just as quickly as he does you or me. Such nonchalance and indifference impresses impressive Hollywood and—Hollywood bows down. Hollywood lies down. Hollywood rolls over. Anything to get the blessed health-giving rays that put pep back into a tired nervous system.

Marian Marsh laughs at the troubles blondes have with suntan.

Ruth Chatterton finds the sun restful after contract battles and social wrestling matches—enough to shatter anyone's nerves.

The Fairbankses, senior and junior, always make us health conscious. Mack Sennett made the bathing suit famous. But it remained for Ina Claire to bring sun-bathing enthusiasm to Cali-



A beach ball, a blanket, and beauty all make a setting for Sari Maritza.

fornia from the rarified atmosphere of Eastern artistic circles. Ina, with her snap and dash, her chic and verve made the sun fashionable in California. Up to that time the sun was something to be avoided as detrimental to complexions. Stars used to go about swathed in veils and wearing dark glasses. The girls who dashed about without such protection were considered tom-boys, who were burning the candle at both ends. Laugh that off, old Sol.

Nowadays when you go a-calling at Malibu, a voice on the other side of an awning says, "Just throw me that bandana you'll find on the gate and I'll be right out." If your curiosity gets the best of your outraged modesty you'll toss the bandana over the canvas wall and wait expectantly. Anything can happen at Malibu! But what usually happens is that in less than half an hour you are ensnared by the cult of the sun and find yourself looking like a cross between Gunga Din and Gandhi. "The costume that he wore was nothing much before and that was less than 'arf he 'ad behind," says Kipling of Gunga Din.

Though they dressed somewhat alike there is a vast and important difference between Gunga Din and Gandhi. Everybody knows that Gandhi is a confirmed "dry" while Gunga Din, being a water-boy, might be considered a "wet." Now at Malibu everyone is a "wet." The ocean is so convenient, you see. Then, too, they serve a lot of pink lemonade in tall glasses. The tinkling ice sounds so invitingly cool on a hot day. No wonder Joan Crawford burns up the road between the studio and her Malibu place every time she gets a chance.

But the road is the only thing that is burned because Joan knows how to protect her skin against the ravages of too much sun. Smart girl! No painful, red blotches for her! Her face and gorgeous body are covered with an oil before she goes a-beaching. Oil keeps the skin soothed and supple while it gradually takes



Adrienne Dore and Mae Madison in their suits with southern exposure. They can go canoeing. Can-oo?



Joan Blondell goes in for sun-kissing and turns her back to the Malibu sun.



The triumphant Bette Davis thinks this a gorgeous day and a beautiful sun and a perfectly lovely world.

on that golden hue that looks so expensive and healthy. Oil keeps the skin from coarsening while the pigment darkens. Joan uses first one kind of oil and then another. She has been known to bring the olive oil out of the butler's pantry—and the vinegar too! The boys in the navy use vinegar to keep them from burning and also to cool the burns they get when they neglect using it. Not on a broken skin though! Jumping mermaids, no!

Now that we have oil and vinegar all we need is a little sugar and paprika to make French dressing. The ocean is salty enough. But why talk about any kind of dressing at Malibu.

But don't imagine that because of the scant costumes there is too much informality at the swank, movie beach colony. Lilyan Tashman in a long silver train and Lilyan Tashman in a postage-stamp size bathing suit, are the same elegant, frigid Lilyan. That girl can put more reserve into semi-nudity than you ever saw in a marble statue.

Pola Negri is another who removes no dignity when she takes off her pettiskirt. Neither does Elissa Landi. Pola wore one of those bandana blouses at a beach party given for her by Bebe Daniels. In fact there were a lot of them there. I couldn't help wondering if they all had a boy-scout teach them how to tie knots securely, for the huge hankies are simply tucked into a pajama belt in front while the two upper corners are tied around the neck. So you see, they must be tied well—or else. Call it a blouse if you want to—I call it a great risk! It's all right while you are sitting still—but I got a little nervous when Leila Hyams and Sylvia Sydney began romping. Leila Hyams manages to stay fair.

Probably because she doesn't stay directly in the sun as much as the others. Then, too, she uses a heavy grease-paint make-up to protect her face and arms. And for her legs and back she uses Max Factor's Make-up Blender which is designed to save the skin from sun and wind as well as to give a finish which stays nice in spite of salt water.

Frances Dee is cute in her little new bathing suit revealing Dee shoulders, Dee arms and Dee legs.



Paulette Goddard wearing the new and sporty bandana rig.

An awfully good beach make-up stunt is to mix Max Factor's make-up with your favorite oil and use the combination. This will prevent burning more than anything else.

You really have to make up your mind whether you are going to let yourself burn, freckle and coarsen your skin through neglect, use oils to get an even tan or keep your pink and whiteness by complete make-up protection. To keep fair is the greatest problem and the most trouble. There is an oily preparation called "Sun Shield" made by Fougere that seems to prevent tan more than the other oils. It is quite inexpensive too—only ninety-five cents. Miami Sun-tan oil helps you to tan. You can get it in small bottles convenient to carry in your pocket-book for only thirty-five cents.

Constance Bennett, with her flair for the elegant and unique, carries her oil in stick-form like a candle that melts at the touch of the skin. It seems to have a coconut oil base instead of olive oil. And wouldn't you know it was French-made by Lelu, for three dollars. This Sun-stick is convenient to carry because there is no bottle to break and nothing to spill.

Exposing yourself directly to the sun is the only way to get the full benefit. Certain fabrics and certain colors cut out the most effective violet ray—so do as Hollywood does and take no chance—just remove as much as possible and take an aesthetic joy in feeling the sun pour its energy into you, soothing you and giving you the excess pep that makes you feel calmer and more sure of yourself. Health is the greatest beautifier in the world. Get out into the water, too, and get the water into you. Let the summer winds blow all your tangles away and give you the key to Beauty!

JEAN HARLOW

in

"The Red Headed Woman"

(See Frontispiece, Page 14, for additional pictures of Jean and Chester)

THANK goodness, they've at last decided on the Red Headed Woman. And now we can get some sleep. Come out from under that red wig, Jean Harlow, we know you.

For nine months now "Red Headed Woman" has been tangled up in M-G-M's hair, and a day wasn't twenty-four hours old that some newspaper or magazine didn't announce that So-and-So would play the lead in the picture to be adapted from Katherine Brush's famous story that appeared serially in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and in book form. Thirty-nine tests were made. Only thirty-nine.

At first the well-known red heads, Nancy Carroll, Jeanette MacDonald, Clara Bow and Peggy Shannon, were considered. Then the barriers were down and the field was open to blondes, brunettes and chameleons. All the girls who had dyed their hair red just for the occasion went into an awful grouch. At one time or other tests were made of practically everyone in Hollywood who could look seductive sipping a gin highball in a negligee. The Marx Brothers, Dickie Moore, and Edna May Oliver dropped out of the race.

The whole country was in a turmoil. What would M-G-M do about "Red Headed Woman?" It was much more important than what the Senate would do about taxes. The Red Head easily became the most discussed woman in motion picture circles. Anita (Gentlemen Prefer Blondes) Loos, who had written the dialogue for the script, even got so curious that she went to one of the Hollywood theatres one evening where Gene Dennis, the psychic marvel, was making a personal appearance and asked her: "Who will play the lead in 'Red Headed Woman?'" "Joan Crawford," said Miss Dennis just like that.

And then Mr. Irving Thalberg thought of Jean Harlow. Jean at that moment was knocking audiences out of their seats in local theatres all over the country. Jean was tested and got the part.

Well, when the Platinum Blonde becomes the Red Headed Woman—that is news! And that also, according to cynics and others who have failed to sell a scenario, is Hollywood. The most famous Platinum Blonde of all times—and we mean you too, Sodom and Gomorrah—asked to lose her identity under a red wig, asked to play the most publicized Red Head in cinema history. Jean Harlow—who has spent three years building up a Platinum Blonde trade-mark. How prepos-



Jean Harlow as the red head, and Chester Morris as the married man who couldn't resist the torchy one. It's a wig, of course. Do you like it? What a break for the color process boys.

terous, how absurd, how ridiculous, and how is your second act. We hot-footed it over to see Jean, expecting to find her burning over the idiosyncrasies of studios, and the stupidity of Hollywood in general. But imagine our surprise when we found Jean fairly purring with contentment, and all dressed up to attend the opening of "Grand Hotel"—wearing a red wig. Not a platinum lock in sight, my dears, and Jean was doing it all of her own accord.

"I wanted this part in 'Red Headed Woman' more than I ever wanted anything in my life," Jean told us as we weakly recovered from the shock. "As far as I am concerned this Platinum Blonde business has gone far enough. People are so busy making wise-cracks about my hair that they forget all about the real me. I welcome a chance to wear a wig and prove to the studios and to the fans that I can really travel on my own ability. I'm tired of being publicized as just a lot of hair, I want to be known as an actress. And maybe if I wear a wig and make a success of this picture the public will forget to brand me—and it will lead to better rôles."

When you and I and Maggie were young there used to be a song with a refrain: "And a red headed woman made a fool out of me." Katherine Brush probably had that song in mind when she wrote her sensational novel of the cheap little stenographer who started out in life with nothing but a head of beautiful red hair, but traveled high, wide and handsome. Chester Morris plays Bill, good old Bill from one of the oldest and best families, but just a gullible lad who couldn't resist red hair. Leila Hyams is Irene, Bill's wife before the red invasion. Una Merkel plays Sally, the manicurist who gives out a lot of worldly wisdom with a bleeding cuticle. Lewis Stone is Bill's Dad, and Charles Boyer is the millionaire. A swell cast, isn't it? And a swell picture.

The REVIEWING STAND

Drama, Comedy and Beauty Go Marching Past



Garbo and John Barrymore in "Grand Hotel."

GRAND HOTEL

Rating: PERFECT—M-G-M

NO MORE need be said about the cast of this great picture. Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt are all thrillingly fine.

The play ran on Broadway before. it went to M-G-M on the coast, and before that, as a book, "Grand Hotel" established the name of Vicki Baum, its author.

The story is really made up of a few events from the lives of five people. Their courses meet and mingle in this Berlin hotel, and then separate again when they go their different ways. The dancer, *Grusinskaya*, who is tired of apathetic audiences and tired of empty years, is Garbo. There are several high spots in the picture when Art, that rare expression of perfection, comes into being, then passes and leaves you gasping at its force. One of these moments is when Garbo walks with her attendants through the lobby. That is all—but it is wonderful!

The thieving *Baron* is John Barrymore, and when he is caught in *Grusinskaya's* room he makes love to her pretending he came there simply to breathe the air she had breathed. He stays to really love, and that is doubtless the greatest scene you ever saw on the screen.

Lionel Barrymore, as *Kringelein*, the sick man, comes to the Hotel to live recklessly during his last few days. He shares scenes with John Barrymore, Wallace Beery and, finally, with Joan Crawford.

Beery, as *Preysing*, is just a business man, but he might well be the central figure of a complete tragedy. He is caught in a financial jam, is obliged to lie desperately, and then, renouncing all his standards, he throws his caution to the winds, takes up with the pretty little stenographer, *Flaemmchen*, and finally kills a man.

Joan Crawford is the stenographer sent to *Preysing*. She has her own casual ideas about life until she sees that *Kringelein* is not like the other men she meets. This is the benediction of Hope at the picture's end.

"Grand Hotel" is just as great as you are. If you are as deep as Freud or as shallow as Edgar Guest, there is in "Grand Hotel" the echo of your own thoughts.

The Finest Picture Ever Made.

WINNER TAKE ALL

Rating: GOOD—Warners

ONCE again Jimmy Cagney is an uncouth, illiterate rough-neck, who is hard on his dames and kicks them in unexpected places.

He plays a prize-fighter, who has wrecked his health with fast living, and so goes to a dude ranch in New Mexico, where he



James Cagney and Marian Nixon in "Winner Take All."

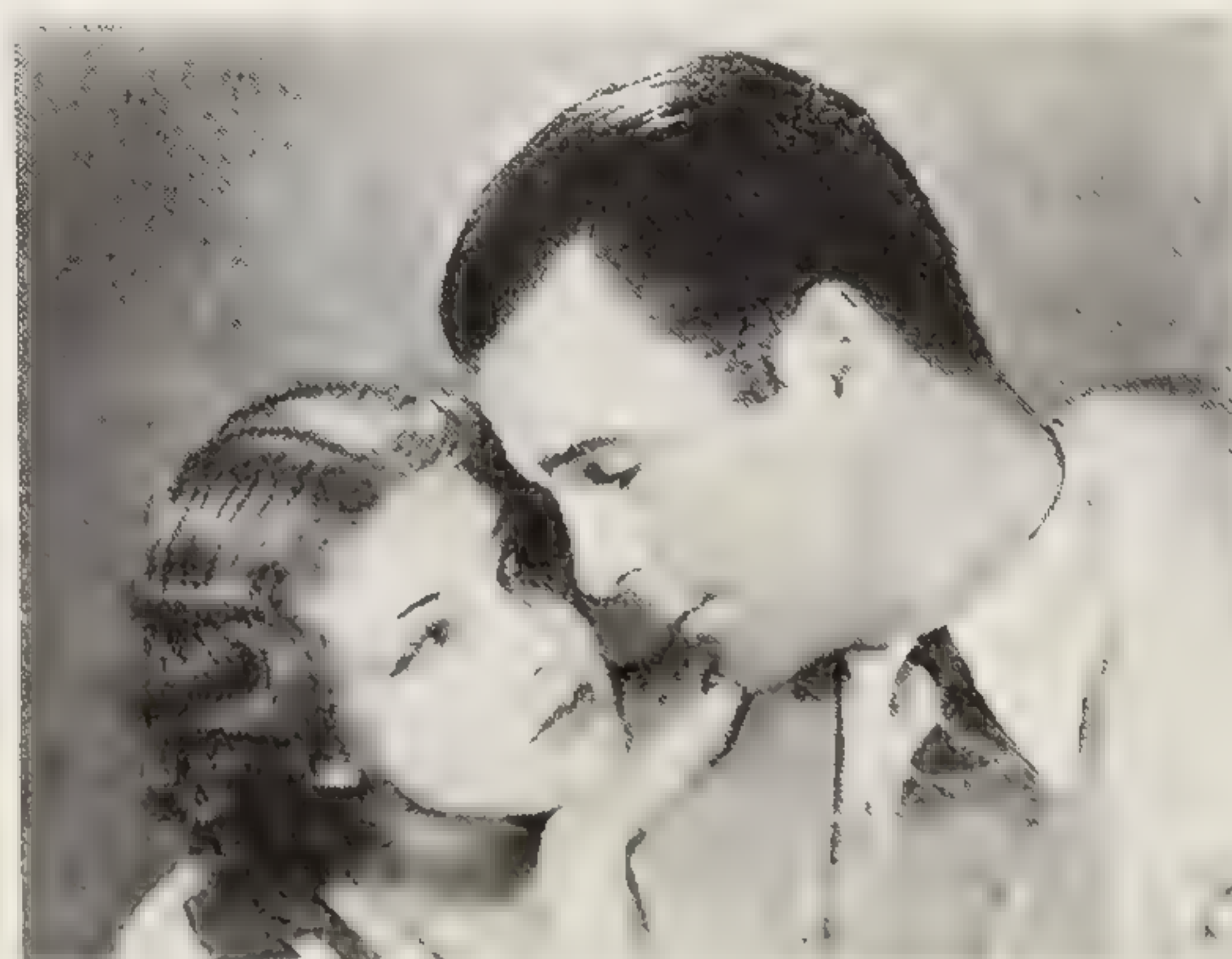
meets Marian Nixon and her small child, Dickie Moore.

Jimmy falls for her—and fights for her—down in Tia Juana. But once he is back in New York he has his face remodelled to please Virginia Bruce, a Park Avenue society girl, but she double crosses him and elopes the night of his championship battle. Then Jimmy remembers little Marian. The dialogue is very clever and you'll get plenty of what Park Avenue calls belly-laughs.

THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13

Rating: FAIR—Fox

THIS was a good play once, but I guess we've sort of outgrown it along with the horse and buggy and red flannels. It no longer thrills, and you have a pretty good idea what's going to happen long before it really happens. Sly old Br'er Fox



Elissa Landi and Neil Hamilton in "The Woman in Room 13."

couldn't fool you that time, and neither could Elissa Landi. We knew all the time that she was a good woman, and we can't imagine how Neil Hamilton could ever be so stupid as to suspect that his charming wife could be the woman in room thirteen. But what would triangle plays be without suspicious husbands and misunderstood wives?

Ralph Bellamy (Elissa's first husband) doesn't wear a black mustache but he is the most villainous villain that has crossed our screen in many a day. We always liked Mr. Bellamy and we hate to see him persecuting poor innocent women. Gilbert Roland is the fascinating tenor who gets shot and Myrna Loy is the beautiful woman who gives all. And if you still like the good old melodramas you must be sure to see this one. It has everything but little Dickie Moore.

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE

Rating: GOOD—Fox

IT seems, these days, that no picture is complete without a court-room scene. Maybe the studios are practicing economy and using the same sets—and the same juries—or maybe it is just one of those cycles that we find running around every now and then in the best of families. Anyway, Joan Bennett, in the latest Lanvin models, looks more beautiful and ethereal



Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

real than ever while on trial for her life. (Of course you know she didn't kill her fiancé, but out of respect to the judge and the prosecuting attorney you have to make believe and enter into the spirit of the thing).

A new angle on trial pictures is introduced in this film and goes over with a bang. It's a radio announcer and a sob sister who are covering the trial for the great Unseen Public, and Skeets Gallagher and ZaSu Pitts pack a lot of genuine humor into their scenes. When ZaSu describes those Lanvin models, my dears, you will chortle ecstatically. The whole thing is good entertainment, and if we must have court-room scenes in our pictures let's have them just like this.

of THE PICTURE PARADE



Miriam Hopkins and George Bancroft in "The World and the Flesh."

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH

Rating: FAIR—Paramount

SOMEBODY threw a monkey-wrench in to the machinery of George Bancroft's latest picture. The idea is good, Mr. Bancroft and Miss Hopkins are splendid, but the whole thing goes screwy. Now what can the matter be? Here we find the delectable Miriam and a bunch of aristocrats trying to sneak out of Russia at the time of the Red Revolution. Bancroft and his sailors capture them at Theodosia, a seaport town on the Black Sea, where they are waiting for a boat to take them to Sebastopol. Bancroft takes a decided liking to Miriam who sasses him plenty.

The White Army arrives, saves the aristocratic refugees, and makes Bancroft and his sailors shove coal on the Sebastopol boat. Then everybody tries to out-trick everybody else, and it all becomes quite confusing, as one minute the Whites are sneering at the Reds and the next minute the Reds are cracking the skulls of the Whites. This goes on indefinitely. But there's a happy ending with Miriam going noble and George raising her five and calling her.



Ann Dvorak and Richard Cromwell in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain."

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN

Rating: EXCELLENT—Warners

IF you aren't already Ann Dvorak-conscious you will be after this picture. This girl, who looks so much like Joan

Crawford, shows that she is an emotional actress of the first water, and doesn't have to have close-ups with glycerin tears to prove it. As Molly Louvain, whose mother walked out on her when she was a three year old kid, Ann plays a hard-boiled wise-cracking hotel clerk who believes that she has inherited her mother's weakness and is a "bad woman." She is betrayed by a man she loves and leaves town with Nick, a salesman and, unknown to her, a thief.

She boards the baby with a woman, breaks with Nick, becomes a taxi dancer, and gets involved with Nick in a murder. Although she is only an innocent bystander she is forced to hide from the police, and she hides in the same boarding house with Scotty, a star reporter who does sleuthing on the side. He is working on the famous "Molly Louvain Case." Not recognizing Molly he falls in love with her and plans to take her to Hollywood, but first he must capture Molly Louvain by means of a hoax—he has it broadcasted over the radio that her baby is dying.

Molly forgets that she is her mother's daughter and a bad lot, and rushes to her baby and into the arms of the police. There's a thrilling climax with Molly finding her own soul, and Scotty finding true love at last. Plenty of action and swell dialogue in this picture and marvelous performances by Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton and Lee Tracy. Watch that Tracy boy go to the top.



John Barrymore and Helen Twelvetrees in "State's Attorney."

STATE'S ATTORNEY

Rating: EXCELLENT—Radio

ONCE in that old blue moon a picture comes along with dialogue so clever, so original and so timely that you are fairly lifted out of your seat. Then you thank your lucky stars for talking pictures. And in this case thank Gene Fowler and Rowland Brown who have written into "State's Attorney" the finest bits of dialogue that have ever appeared on the screen. It is to laugh—and laugh merrily, my hearties. Of course John Barrymore isn't at all backward about taking advantage of the clever lines, and neither is Bill Boyd, who will most certainly revive the waning popularity of "Nerts."

The story is about a brilliant young attorney who uses the underworld to promote his political ambitions. But once he becomes district attorney (with an eye on the governor's chair) he shows his racketeer patron the nearest exit, and then the

trouble begins. One night in a whisky coma he marries a society girl, and walks out on Helen Twelvetrees who has been his girl friend for a number of years. It all comes to a fine climax in a court-room scene, with John prosecuting Bill, and Helen as the "surprise witness." Thrills, and laughter, and surprises. Don't miss this one.

SKY BRIDES

Rating: FINE—Paramount

MEET Virginia Bruce. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie are the principles and the airplanes give you thrills aplenty. The plot has to do with the joker who kills his friend, and, being unable to forgive himself, goes into a morbid unhappy state from which, just at the last, he rouses to save the precocious little Bobby Coogan. Dick Arlen is competent and convincing, but Jack Oakie gives the most varied and appealing show, and in this he certainly is He Who Gets Slapped.



Jack Oakie, Bobbie Coogan and Richard Arlen in "Sky Brides."

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE

Rating: EXCELLENT—Paramount

WELL, we always said that little Gibson gal was a swell actress but we didn't know just how swell until we saw her superb portrayal of Clara Deane. As she sinned against Clara she tears your heart right out, walks all over it and hands it back to you all bruised and bleeding. And that's acting in this day and time, when a tremor in the voice can bring snickers from half the audience.

It's a so-so story which will remind you of something you've seen before, but after that scene at the orphanage where Wynne on her way to prison tells her baby daughter good-bye, you'll be so impressed with Wynne Gibson, and so submerged in Daddy's handkerchief that you won't care how many times you've seen it before. And while you are raving about Wynne don't forget little three-year-old Cora Sue Collins whose pathetic cries of "Mommie, don't leave me" is one of the best bits of child acting that has been on any screen. And we are not omitting Jackie Cooper and Bobbie Coogan. Does this sound like a lot of bunk, you sophisticated young moderns?

Pat O'Brien succeeds in making you dislike him intensely and Frances Dee and Russell Gleason are the sweet young folks. See it, by all means.



Maureen O'Sullivan and Tom Brown in "The Information Kid."

"THE INFORMATION KID"

Rating: GOOD—*Universal*

HERE'S a thrilling race-horse picture, a sweet love story, and as cute a kid as you'll ever see. The kid is Mickey Rooney (he used to be Mickey McGuire in the Hal Roach comedies) and he is as tough a little brat as Tenth Avenue can produce. His dice are loaded and the seat of his pants is padded and, seeing him, you realize how utterly dull good children are.

But Mickey has a hard time stealing the picture for he is pitted against an invincible line of professional picture stealers—Tom Brown, Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine. Tom and Jimmy have a race-horse racket which they promote in small towns where the pickings are good. Andy Devine, a prize sucker, takes up with them. So does Mickey. Tom falls for the kid, and inspired to go straight by the kid's confidence, refuses to throw a race at Caliente, much to Jimmy's disgust.

There's a love story on the side between Tom and Maureen O'Sullivan. It's an entertaining picture and you'll like it, I'm telling, as George Jessel says.



Edmund Lowe and Claudette Colbert in "The Misleading Lady."

THE MISLEADING LADY

Rating: GOOD—*Paramount*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Edmund Lowe are both delightful and, also, there is Stuart Erwin. The plot is light and gay, ridiculous and amusing and unless you must have movies with a purpose you will be vastly entertained. Claudette looked very beautiful, and when Edmund Lowe carries her away by caveman methods and an autogiro, you know quite well that anything may happen.

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY

Rating: MORE THAN EXCELLENT—*Warners*

HERE you will find Mr. George Arliss in the best rôle he has had since "Disraeli." He simply walks away with a picture that is well worth walking away with, for nothing so humorously delightful and genuinely wholesome (in the pleasant sense of the word), has flickered across our screen in many a month.

Mr. Arliss is one of the few stars who is allowed to "hand pick" his own cast, and the result is that he is most ably supported by Mary Astor, Grant Mitchell, Evalyn Knapp, William Janney, Hardie Albright and Randolph Scott. Watch that Albright lad do some swell picture-stealing.

Mr. Arliss plays the part of a famous financier, who has been abroad for over a year on a financial mission for President Hoover. He returns to find his family completely alienated from him. They all have so much money, and so many selfish interests. They can't even stay home and have dinner with Dad his first evening at home in over a year. But wise Mr. Arliss thinks up a little scheme that brings them back to the family fireside one by one, and at the same time keeps you and me giggling away like a pair of silly schoolgirls. Mary Astor, as the rather stupid but good-hearted young wife, gives a splendid performance. Mr. Arliss is, of course, perfect.



John Boles and Joan Bennett in "Careless Lady."

CARELESS LADY

Rating: GOOD—*Fox*

JOAN BENNETT has a way of being perplexed, which makes her quite charming, and as Sally Brown she is puzzled to find out why no man seems to care much about her. So she goes abroad, using a man's name. As "Mrs. Illington" she is a great success and things get very thrilling when John Boles, who owns the name, comes across his "wife" by accident. Joan gives a nice even performance and is a pleasure to see.

THE TENDERFOOT

Rating: MARVELOUS FUN—*Warners*

THE newest Joe E. Brown comedy is just what you and the old man and the kiddies have been wanting to see for a long time. Laughs? Why, there's no end to them. You hardly have time to recover from one paroxysm before you are well on your way into another. Whether you have a weakness for Mr. Brown's noble nonsense or not, you will like this picture and will not go home with a sour taste in your mouth. And that queer noise you'll be hearing in the neighborhood for the next few months is Joe's famous cowboy yell which all the kids will be imitating.

Joe plays a cowboy from Texas, who drops into New York to see the sights and invest his money. Immediately Lew

Cody, as a city slicker, proceeds to make a sucker out of him by selling him a share in his theatrical production. The fun begins. Joe lives and learns—about the theatre racket. And while he is living and learning you're dying with laughter. Ginger Rogers is the love interest and looks even cuter than she ever has before.



J. Carroll Naish and Vivienne Osborne in "Two Seconds."

TWO SECONDS

Rating: EXCELLENT—*Warners*

EDWARD G. ROBINSON simply won't be typed. Here he is in a rôle that is entirely different from anything you have ever seen before. But he is still Edward G. Robinson, one of the grandest actors on the screen. It isn't a nice story, but it is a vitally interesting one. A man in an electric chair has two seconds of consciousness—in which time he can review his entire life. That's what Robinson does. He was a wholesome sort of lad, a riveter on skyscrapers, and way up there so near heaven he thought big thoughts and planned to do big things, but one night when he came down to earth he met a woman, a clever, scheming little gold-digger. And after that it was just too bad for the big thoughts. Vivienne Osborne, in a blonde wig, plays the meanest woman in the world, and plays it convincingly. Eddie and Vivienne are the entire picture but they are both such perfect actors that they hold you spell-bound to the tragic end. Whether you are a Robinson fan or not, you can't afford to miss this picture.

STREET OF WOMEN

Rating: FAIR—*Warners*

THIS picture doesn't do right by our glamorous Kay Francis who, when given half a chance, is the smartest woman of the screen. The very idea of casting the scintillating Kay as the middle age love interest opposite Alan Dinehart! And letting that newcomer to the screen, Gloria Stuart, furnish the main love theme and capture the handsome Allen Vincent! It was a great big mistake—but mistakes occur in the best of families we're told. Anyway, please Mr. Warner Brothers, don't let Kay Francis lose her intriguing allure again.

The dialogue of this picture is unusually clever, but the plot is so dull that everything drags along. It seems that Kay has been carrying on a love affair for three years with Alan Dinehart, who is a wealthy contractor whose wife won't divorce him. Kay's young brother returns from school and falls in love with Dinehart's daughter, and they find out about their sister and father respectively, and everybody misunderstands everybody else. Kay suffers and suffers. Allen Vincent, as the brother, and Roland Young, as the family friend, are the two bright spots of the picture and give good performances.

When Joan Comes Into Her Own

[Continued from page 23]

foundly, for the apprenticeship of genius is a miserable existence. She was harassed by doubts and disappointments, and her vivid imagination transformed her merely temporary failures into colossal tragedies, tragedies that time and again drove her to the brink of suicide. But fortunately Joan's indomitable spirit always came to the rescue, carried her on.

"No realization of my desires ever seemed to come up to my ideals," she once told me. "I'd eagerly accept some experience, hoping against hope that at last I'd found that for which I'd been searching; but invariably the glow of anticipation would fade away and I'd be left cold and bewildered. It was rather like the afternoon I rescued a little bird that was apparently dead in the cool shadows of a sound stage. I picked him up from the floor and warmed him in my cupped hands. Presently I felt his heart beat. Then as I watched him slowly open and blink his eyes and ruffle his feathers a new joy entered my heart—but only for a moment—for after his strength had returned he gave a frightened chirp and flew far away. And so I was left with a new heart-ache, although perhaps I had gained a more intimate knowledge of the ways of birds. And that's the manner in which I've been learning life. Each experience dwindled to disappointment but left me with a bit more knowledge of humanity, and by applying this added knowledge to my own emotions I'm gradually developing in myself that peace for which I've been longing."

To a great extent Joan already has succeeded in chaining her terrific forces and driving them toward a common end—the material and spiritual perfection of her life. Had she possessed an ounce less courage she would have been overcome by her own strength instead of mastering herself. Had she given in to defeat any one of the scores of times that she seemed hopelessly beaten, she would have sunk to a futile obscurity, to spiritual death. Fortunately this courage of hers not only enabled her to turn each defeat into a potential victory, to profit by suffering, but it helped her try and try again until now she has achieved material success with the assurance of spiritual rewards in the future.

Even though Joan was, and now is, M-G-M's biggest boxoffice shot, her status on the lot was approximately that of a tolerated gift horse. The best stories invariably went to Shearer, Garbo, Dressler or one of the other stars. Joan not only received the left-overs but was expected to draw in gobs of box-office gold, which she did, in spite of her pictures.

In other words, the studio was capitalizing royally on their gift horse even though they fed it but fourth rate oats. Then slowly and subtly a change came in force. Some say that since Joan had developed her acting to a point where it was impervious to bad pictures, M-G-M felt they might as well give her the best.

At any rate they were a surprised group of executives when they suddenly discovered their gift horse was being fed the juiciest oats in the stable! For nowadays Joan is getting first choice of all picture material, and she won this victory without resorting to the display of aggressiveness

used by most stars. Joan has learned to direct her energies with a quiet, unshakable power.

Since she startled Hollywood by her performance in "Grand Hotel," though the pace was set by such masterly players as John and Lionel Barrymore, Greta Garbo, and Wallace Beery, the studio fondly refers to her as "Our Joan." And since she was even better in "Letty Lynton," she has been loaned to United Artists where she will prove her great ability in "Rain," starred in on the stage by the late and exceedingly talented Jeanne Eagels, and in silent pictures by Gloria Swanson. And to star in this play, either on stage or screen, is the ultimate ambition of just about every cinema lady in Hollywood.

At the completion of "Rain," Joan will definitely be established as a star among stars. And even now that hungry, haunted look on her face has been deposed by one of serenity. Joan, you see, is learning to

know herself and lose the fear of her inner forces. And it won't be long before she has them completely mastered. When this time comes she will unleash upon the world through the medium of the screen an overwhelming, terrible influence—overwhelming in its intensity, terrible in its potentialities for good or evil.

But whether for good, or whether for evil, it will make Joan Crawford the most powerful woman in Hollywood.

As in the case of Goethe, we may absorb Joan's art to good advantage, but we must not think about her too seriously, it might be wise not to talk about her too much, for the deepest things are not for speech. When we see Joan on the screen we should simply enjoy her portrayal to the utmost and remember that she stands by herself on a pinnacle, a superb actress, a great woman, one who will achieve that dream dearest to the hearts of all people—that reward for genius called Immortality.



"It isn't raining rain to me. It's raining William Gargan," says Joan with fine poetic license.



William Gargan.

A late studio portrait of Joan B. B. (before bangs) and, below, her new leading man for "Rain," which she will make for United Artists.

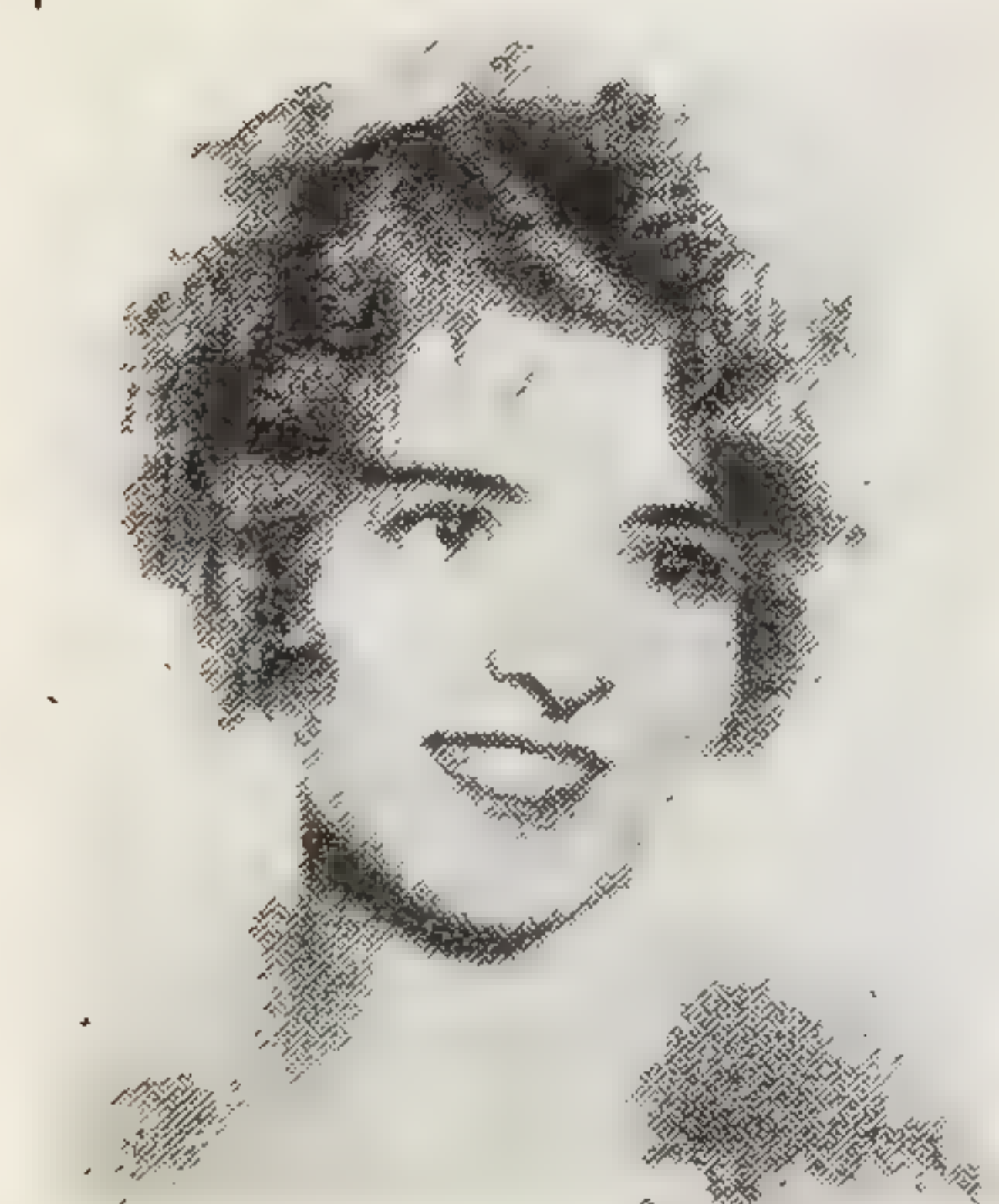
"Rain," Joan Crawford's picture that she is making at Catalina Island for United Artists, and Joan herself, are being written up by our Special Location Writer-up. See the August SILVER SCREEN.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

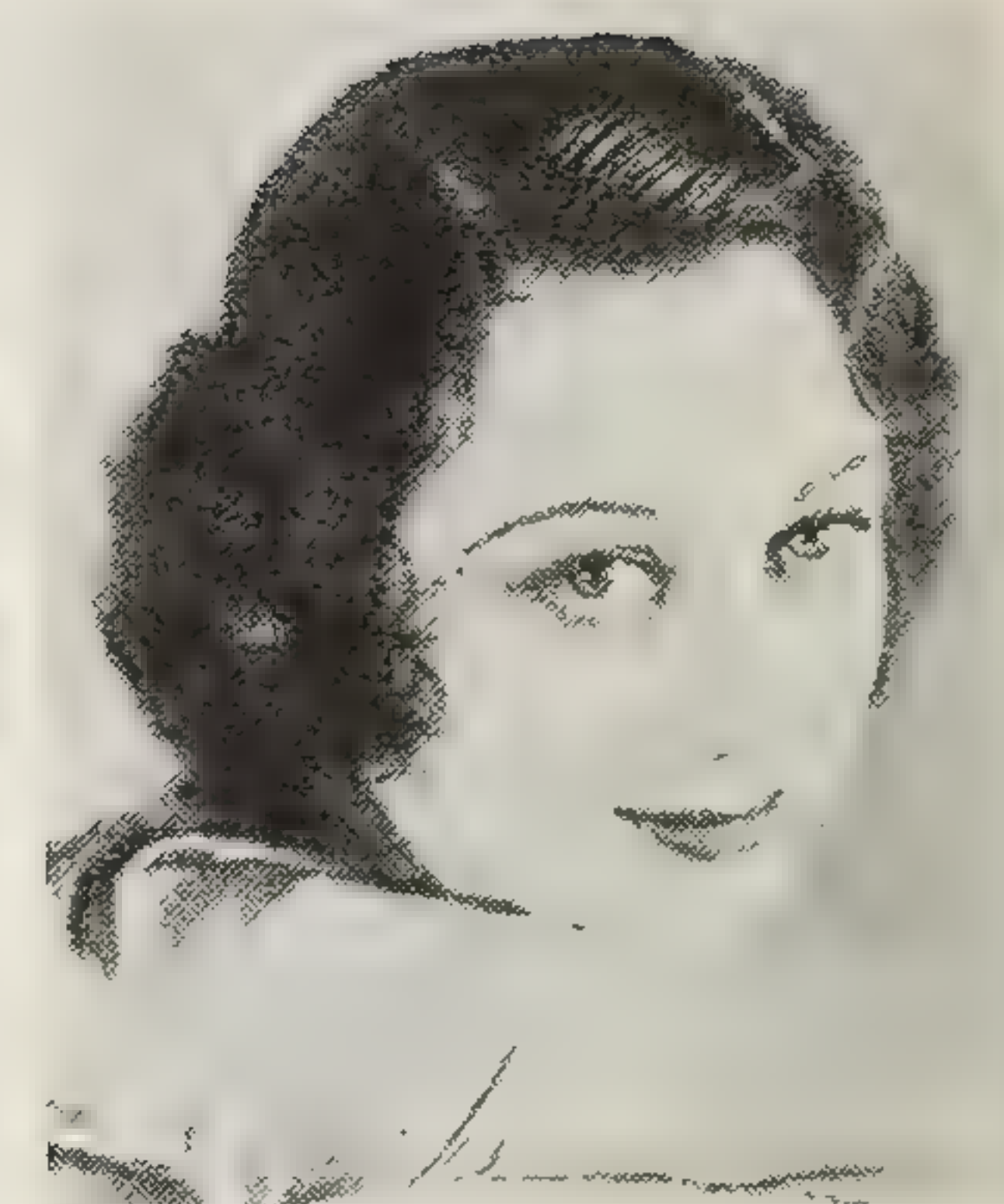
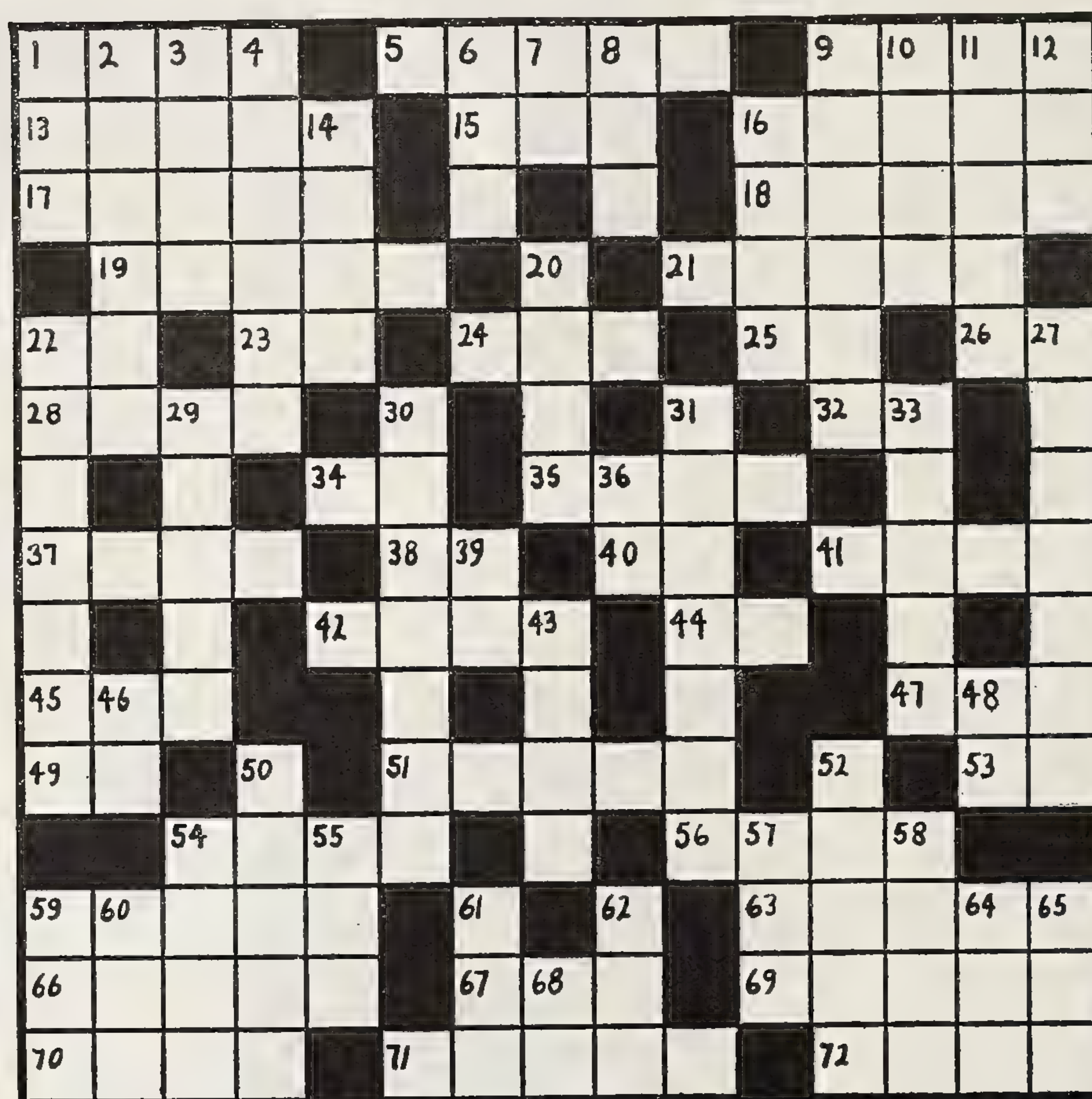
By Priscilla Bryant



Flat but not broke



Level-headed



Up with the lark



On the dotted line

ACROSS

- 1 Performs
- 5 Gloria Swanson's little boy in "The Trespasser"
- 9 Loyal
- 13 Part played by Bobby Coogan
- 15 Now (Scot.)
- 16 Stained by the inroads of decay
- 17 A vilayet in Asia Minor
- 18 The ear (Latin)
- 19 A member of a wandering race
- 21 Quiet
- 22 Note of the scale
- 23 Postscript (abbr.)
- 24 A dog star (first part of his name)
- 25 Since
- 26 Toward
- 28 One of a radio team
- 32 Printer's measure
- 34 An exclamation
- 35 To give back a sound
- 37 In
- 38 The sun god
- 40 North River (abbr.)
- 41 A male deer
- 42 To walk lamely
- 44 Old English (abbr.)
- 45 Fuss
- 47 An atom or group of atoms, bearing an electric charge
- 49 Consequently; therefore
- 51 Yard (Scot.)
- 53 Norwegian (abbr.)
- 54 A fourteen year old actor from Ogden, Utah
- 56 A movie dog
- 59 Sid Sawyer in "Tom Sawyer"
- 63 The upper air
- 66 A girl's name
- 67 Metal
- 69 The fist or hand (Scot.)
- 70 Swampy
- 71 She may be back in pictures soon
- 72 A picture in which Dickie Moore played

DOWN

- 1 Demand
- 2 Tom Sawyer
- 3 A movie horse
- 4 A part Jackie Cooper played
- 6 She is now Mrs. Leslie Fenton
- 7 Behold
- 8 Movie studio
- 9 She is now playing in Wheeler and Woolsey pictures
- 10 Member of the British nobility
- 11 In a tilted manner
- 12 A river in North France and Belgium
- 14 A town in New South Wales
- 16 Facts
- 20 Bone or ivory cubes marked on every side with black spots from one to six
- 22 A little colored boy of the original "Our Gang" (poss.)
- 27 The name of a group of children in Hal Roach comedies
- 29 The same thing repeated
- 30 She appeared in "Her Majesty Love"
- 31 Envelops
- 33 Becky Thatcher
- 36 Canadian National (abbr.)
- 39 Part of to be
- 43 He was the son in "Sarah and Son"
- 46 Accomplish
- 48 At
- 50 Compassion
- 52 The results of an election
- 54 Den
- 55 A suffix forming diminutives
- 57 A writing implement
- 58 Pronoun
- 59 Penrod's friend
- 60 A high priest and judge
- 61 A vocal sound made to frighten
- 62 A contraction
- 64 Evening
- 65 A color
- 68 An international language proposed in 1910

(The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle Will be Found on Page 65)

"I TANK I GO HOME NOW"

The Stars Are Fading Out On Us.

TWO hundred and eight million people know that Greta Garbo is going home, and this colossal number testifies to the great actress that she is. No such excitement attends the departure of Mr. Cagney from the Warner lot. No excitement disturbed Marlene Dietrich as she folded her embroidered handkerchief and walked out of Paramount.

Perhaps the reason why "Good-bye Garbo!" is on every tongue instead of "Da-da Dietrich!" is because there was a very good chance that Marlene would change her mind. (There is a very good line about that in "Letty Lynton," when Nils Asther says "Women do not think, they change their minds.")

One of the most astonishing facts in connection with the walk-out of Dietrich and James (Crowd Roars) Cagney is the complete absence of chagrin, despair or mourning evidenced by any official on the Paramount or Warner lots. In fact, the other day a friend of ours met the corporation lawyer who pilots a part, at least, of the Warner affairs.

"Well, I see you have your troubles," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked the lawyer.

"Why Cagney's leaving," replied our friend.

"Oh, actors!" said the great corporation lawyer. "Huh! I have important things to think about."

We wish that our friend had discussed the matter longer with the great corporation lawyer. We would like to know what there is that is more important to any producer than good pictures. Never mind what the script is when it starts. When Cagney is finished with it, it is a good picture. He injects the life blood into it.

Then, again, they may have seen Paul Muni who, in "Scarface," is what a gangster should be. Muni has been signed by them for the lead in "Lawyer Man."



Marlene Dietrich, who left Paramount temporarily in spite of her contract.

And so James Cagney has walked out. Dietrich walked out—but has returned. Garbo has gone and Marion Marsh's option has not been taken up.

Garbo had her passport viséed and she has permission from the immigration department to remain until the end of 1933. The passport visé implies that she will return to this country, and the immigration



"As You Desire Me" is the last picture to be made under Garbo's present M-G-M contract. In this still from the picture Owen Moore is behind her and Melvyn Douglas at her left. How sweet and charming she is! No suspicion of *Mata Hari* clings to her. Will she go, never to return?

permission implies that she intends to be here during 1933.

You, however, are not alone in wondering whether she will go and return, whether she will go and marry and never return, whether she will marry here or just—whether!



James Cagney struck for more money and didn't get it. He was getting \$1,600. Enough?

The other day when the photograph on page 66 of this issue, was taken, Mr. Bull, who has been the only photographer to whom Garbo would sit, said, when he completed the posing:

"Well, I guess this is goodbye, Miss Garbo." To which she only replied with a smile.

Enigmatical Garbo! When she plays a character it is like a shell to her and in it she lives happily through close-ups and emotions. But take away her

mask and she is timid and terrified.

Cagney is definitely out. His contract has four years to run. During that time he cannot accept another movie or theatrical offer. Perhaps he will study medicine. He'd better take some. All Hollywood laughs at him.

Rumor has it that Garbo can write her own contract if she will work. But all is conjecture. Perhaps Garbo has locked her make-up box and thrown away the key. Certainly, she has left a shining mark for others to shoot at.



Luckily Nancy Carroll is still in.

Not the least of her accomplishments is that with a million dollars waiting in Sweden, she has a warm and hearty welcome waiting here, if she cares to come back.

We are not entirely bereft, however. Helen Hayes returns and will make a picture, "Bridge Versus Bridge," and with—yes—yes—Clark Gable!

MORE MOVIE TOWN TOPICS

[Continued from page 17]



The new fad of bangs burst upon Hollywood with the opening of "Grand Hotel." Joan Crawford appeared very striking. That is young Doug Fairbanks, her husband, with her. The hair cut fits a new picture he is making.

Maureen O'Sullivan, in a printed frock with taffeta jacket showing an old-fashioned styling with puffed sleeves and slender waistline.

Anita Page, a white frock showing a wide border of silver cloth with white jacketette wrap.

Marian Nixon, a gold embroidered blue frock; ermine wrap.

Mrs. Frank Woody (Helen Twelvetrees), all white; chiffon gown in backless design, and ermine wrap.

Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis), all white; chiffon frock beaded in tiny crystals; ermine wrap decorated with a corsage of orchids.

Mrs. Lew Ayres (Lola Lane), a Hattie Carnegie model frock of white crêpe showing crystal beads outlining the peplum and strapped shoulders; black velvet wrap with ermine bands.

Sidney Fox, a lemon yellow lace frock, and matching wrap edged in sable.

Joan Crawford in white satin contrasting beautifully with her perfect tan, and wearing for the first time in public her new hairdress—bangs, my dears.

Leila Hyams, white flat crêpe gown with pale green satin wrap showing quaint puffed sleeves.

Wynne Gibson, white satin with a chiffon velvet wrap.

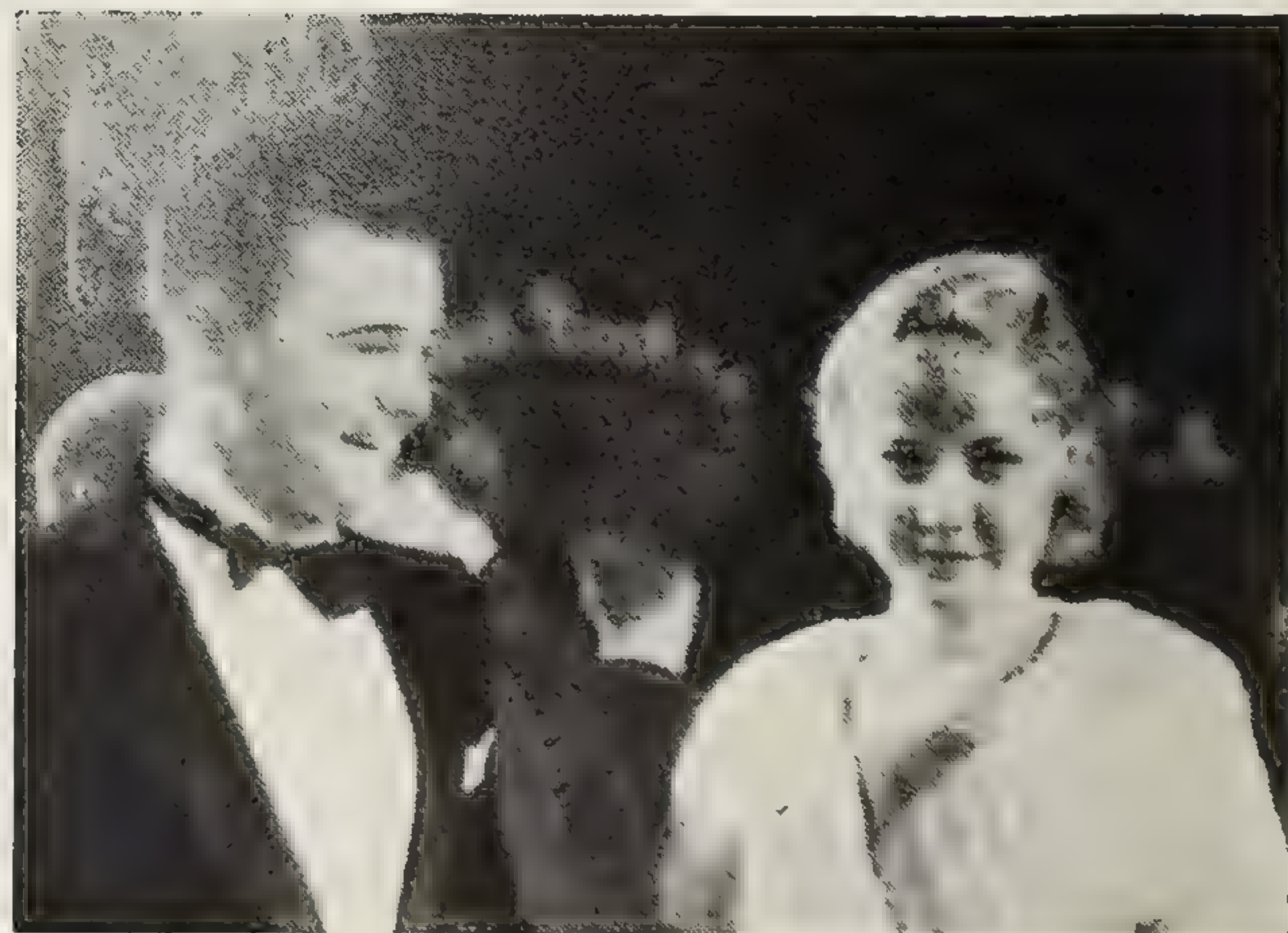
Marlene Dietrich, champagne velvet with silver trimmings.



Acme

Lil Tashman returns to Hollywood, after her successful tour, all banged up.

Una Merkel, Mrs. Ronald Burla, and her husband. Una's wearing an ermine coat, bangs and a beautiful smile.



Acme

Genevieve Tobin, white lace with ermine wrap.

Marian Marsh, pink chiffon with white fox trim.

Bebe Daniels, white gown with bronze sequin jacket.

"This Was the Night"

GRAND HOTEL . . . More Rolls than even Park Avenue has ever seen (lots of them will go back to "Cars For Hire" tomorrow) . . . Gorgeous women in white—satin, crêpe, lace—and jackets, jackets all over the place . . . Marlene, suspended by Paramount, laughing and chatting with

everyone and showing more animation than she has ever shown in Hollywood . . . Her first public appearance without von Sternberg—she's actually acting like a human being . . . Who's the handsome young blonde Teuton with her? . . . Why, it's Rudolph Seiber, her husband . . . Jack Oakie seeing that Miss Em (his mother) meets everybody . . . Lionel Barrymore talking with Eddie Goulding . . . Anita Page with Herb Nacio Brown—ah ha, an old romance starting up again . . . Joan Crawford being coaxed by Will Rogers to take a bow . . . Joan being coy, but probably didn't mean to . . . You have to get used to her bangs . . . She's starting something all right . . . don't try it if you have a short forehead . . . Clark Gable shiny and sleek and simply ravishing in tails and high hat . . . All the women getting a good look . . . Helen Twelvetrees looking bored . . . Where are the Marx Brothers? . . . Wheeler and Woolsey taking advantage of their absence and getting off a few gags . . . Everybody staring at Jean Harlow's red hair—but don't worry, it's all a trick done with mirrors . . . Polly Moran pulling a terrible joke about Garbo's feet . . . Where did you get that ermine wrap, Polly? . . . Wally Beery receiving tremendous applause from the audience . . . Jean Hersholt bringing his son along to show him how papa makes his living . . . Lil Tashman and Eddie Lowe in William Haines's party . . . Lil in a *dernier cri* from the Rue de la Paix that takes your breath away . . . Connie's Hank getting a big kick out of everything . . . Paul Bern being most attentive to Jean Harlow . . . Is this a romance? . . . William Randolph Hearst entertaining in honor of his birthday . . . Sid Grauman receiving congratulations on his exceedingly clever prologue . . . Dorothy Jordan and the ever-

faithful Donald Dilloway . . . George Raft with more vaseline on his hair than ever . . . Robert Montgomery refusing to talk over the radio . . . Wynne Gibson's escort losing his car number . . . Wonder if they ever got home . . . Picture not over until two o'clock . . . Fans still waiting to see their idols drive home . . . Well, it was a night.

* * *

"I'm staying with my husband until my house is ready," the beautiful Claudette Colbert told Hollywood reporters when she arrived in the cinema city re-

cently after two years in New York. Immediately there was much opening of mouths and pricking of ears and wrinkling of noses. One of Paramount's most glamorous stars refuses to live with her actor husband . . . Another shattered romance! The boys and girls sharpened their pencils. But Claudette and Norman Foster only laughed.

Walter Winchell, the fan magazines and assorted reporters have been trying to divorce Claudette and Norman ever since they were married, merely because they prefer to live apart. It's an old, old story to them. If two high-strung, artistic people live together there are bound to be temperamental clashes occasionally and petty bickering, and Claudette and Norman wish to avoid this and keep their romance as beautiful and idealistic as it was when they first fell in love. And why not? "Oh sweet mystery of love."

Claudette has bought a beautiful home in Outpost in the hills back of Hollywood, with a gorgeous swimming pool and a view that makes you wish you had done all those things you planned to do when you were young. Madame Colbert will live with her daughter.

* * *

And now it is Mark Hellinger who is reported all ablaze over the little Lupe Velez gal. But Bert Taylor and Johnny Weissmuller seem to be still in the running. Incidentally Bert gave a farewell party in honor of Gary Cooper and the Countess Frasso in New York on the eve of Gary's departure for Hollywood. And who should come in with the soup course but li'l Lupe. Gary spilled his soup on the nice white table-cloth.

* * *

What a lot of difference just one year makes. Last summer at this time Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were the happiest married couple in Hollywood, and the years stretched out before them as one golden vista of romance and opportunity. Harry was busily engaged in drawing the plans and supervising the Playhouse that was to be Ann's birthday present on the seventh of August. Little did they think then that this would be Harry's last birthday gift to Ann. The Playhouse is a gorgeous thing, and probably the largest of its kind in the world. It has a fully equipped theatre for both legitimate plays and talking pictures, a backgammon room, a bridge room, a billiard room, and a room where guests can get crazy and spill things if they feel so inclined. Snuggled in the side of a mountain about fifty feet below the magnificent Harding hill-top



Bob Montgomery is glad to see Conrad Nagel back on the job at premières.



In "Strange Interlude" Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are inspired by the excellence of Eugene O'Neill's marvelous play. The rapture which they have put into their love scenes will make this picture screen history.

home, Ann's Playhouse gazes futilely on the far away lights of Hollywood—the moving picture town where Love crumbles before Career. Silent, deserted—and cold. Harry's last gift to Ann.

* * *

Well, maybe she is a strong-minded woman and doesn't believe in the power of suggestion, but, alas, other people do. Anyway, Ruth Chatterton is directing her husband, Ralph Forbes, in a play called "Let Us Divorce."

* * *

Robert Young, who still blushes, is going places with Virginia Bruce. He'll blush plenty, too, when he sees Virginia in her latest picture with Jimmy Cagney, "Winner Take All." But don't worry, Bob, it's all in the day's work.

* * *

There's an aching void in Hollywood now that Jimmy Durante has gone to New York to pay his respects to the old home town. But across the deserts come stories of the famous Schnozzle. It seems he was riding down Fifth Avenue when his car collided with another car.

"Who do you think you are?" the irate citizen yelled. Just then the Durante pan with all its Eycetalian allure stuck out of the side of the car.

"I don't think!" he shouted. "I'm positive."

* * *

When Zasu Pitts, of the wan smile and frustrated hands, told a Los Angeles court

of her broken romance with her former husband, Tom Gallery, she looked so utterly wretched and pathetic that even her admiring fans forgot to laugh. Which makes this probably the only public appearance of Zasu in years that has not evoked laughter.

"He packed his belongings and went away," Zasu said tragically in a scarcely audible voice. When asked if he ever returned, she replied, "Only to see his children." And she began to sob. She was granted a divorce and custody of nine year old Ann, and nine year old Donald Michael. Don Mike is the beautiful Barbara La Marr's son and was adopted by Zasu when Barbara died. Zasu and Tom were ideally happy when they married in 1920—but 1926 found them living apart.

* * *

Whoops! And more whoops! Clara Bow has definitely announced that she will make another picture, and has even gone so far as to get herself a trainer for the grand reducing act. She has to lose about fourteen pounds before she can get back her slim, girlish figure, which had the flappers green with envy two years ago. Clara has decided on "Call Her Savage," and will make the picture under the Fox banner. Rex Bell, her boy husband, who stuck by her when the whole world was jeering at her, will very likely play opposite Clara. Whoops again! With another Clara Bow picture coming on I feel like a new person already.

Fired and Hired

[Continued from page 26]

of the latter company paid an enormous sum to get Boles back for the masculine lead in "Back Street," after an exhaustive canvass of Hollywood revealed that he was the only star suited to the rôle.

Lest it appear Universal does all of the firing and none of the hiring, let me point out that Lew Ayres, whose pictures add enormously to company profits, was picked up after he had been released by Pathé. Ayres worked in bits around the Pathé studio for months without recognition, but the minute he was dropped, Universal pounced on him, gave him the principal masculine part in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and signed him to a new contract.

Helen Twelvetrees was discharged by the Fox Company because she was without color, according to reasons given at the time of release. Officials pointed out that she had appeared in two pictures, but her lack of personality in both resulted in negative fan interest. Today the same Miss Twelvetrees portrays such vivid, powerful characterizations as "Millie" and the feminine lead opposite John Barrymore in "State's Attorney." What peculiar quirk of nature endowed Fox officials with the sense of discernment that allowed Helen to slip through their fingers, yet perceive possibilities in Miss Gaynor? And how is it possible that Pathé failed to visualize Lew Ayres' future, yet was able to foresee Miss Twelvetrees' hidden talents?

Blame for failure to foretell the possibilities of embryonic young stars cannot be laid to any one person. When Miss Gaynor was a Universal stock actress, she worked for practically every director and was seen by every official of the company, not one of whom predicted success for her. When Dorothy Jordan earned forty dollars a week as a Fox stock player, some of the greatest directors completely overlooked her. Following her discharge, she was placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with which company she has been very successful; so successful, in fact, that Fox borrowed her for the feminine lead in "Young Sinners," paying as much for her services for that one picture as she would have received in two years had she not been discharged.

Clark Gable made several pictures for Warner Brothers, and company officials considered placing him under contract. Before an effort was made in this direction, it was decided he was suitable only to gang pictures, which were on the way out. He was therefore released because, officials pointed out, he was obviously suited to nothing else. Gable was immediately picked up by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and has become a sensational success. As if to amend this mistake, Warner Brothers then signed George Brent, who had been in stock with both the Fox and the Universal studios. He was immediately given the masculine leads opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "So Big," opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us," and opposite Joan Blondell in "Miss Pinkerton." Now Brent, formerly disdained by Fox and Universal, promises to run Gable a race for box office records.

Joe E. Brown, under contract to Radio Pictures Corporation, was released because he was not considered as funny as other comedians under contract to the company. Brown was snatched up by Warner Brothers and has become one of the screen's outstanding funny men. To balance Brown's loss, Radio picked up Rochelle Hudson, dropped by Fox, and Richard Dix and Ricardo Cortez, both dropped by Para-

mount. In the case of Dix and Cortez officials at Paramount indicated they had outlived their popularity. These same officials released Wallace Beery for the same reason, but Beery has since reaped tremendous profits for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Likewise did Paramount discharge Virginia Bruce because she lacked promise, only to borrow her back again, when she became a United Artists' contract player, for the leading rôle opposite Richard Arlen in "Sky Brides."

A charming miss named Ann Dvorak was head chorus girl for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for almost a year. When the company disbanded its chorus, many of the girls were tested for further talents. An assistant director's report on Miss Dvorak stated, in pointed but not too perfect English: "Not enough on the ball to be exciting." On the strength of this somewhat discouraging opinion, Ann was released, only to be signed by United Artists. After three excellent screen appearances, she now bids fair to reach stardom. Another cast-off rescued by United Artists is Jean Harlow, whose platinum hair is world famous. Miss Harlow was under contract to a comedy company at a shop girl's salary, but was discharged because the studio overhead would not permit of a stock of girls. Miss Harlow has made enough money for her present employers to more than purchase the holdings of the comedy company that once employed her. And her assignment by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to the leading rôle in "Red Headed Woman" establishes her as one of the great Hollywood players.

A few years ago the Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer companies effected an odd exchange of talent. Fox, holding John Gilbert under contract, released him because his popularity had receded until his pictures were unprofitable. At almost the same time Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discharged Edmund Lowe because, after several screen appearances, he had exhibited no particular personality or ability. Simultaneously, Fox took over the services of Lowe, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Gilbert.

Gilbert became one of the latter company's greatest stars, and Lowe, in the years that followed, earned huge profits as a Fox star. Officials of Fox company, when asked to explain how it happened that Gilbert was released, only to become a very popular player with another organization, replied: "Gilbert was a dead issue. He returned to popularity because of 'The Big Parade.'" Officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, asked to explain a similar situation in the case of Lowe, answered: "Lowe showed no real promise. He became a star because of 'What Price Glory.'" Because of the somewhat similar appearance and personalities of the two, it is highly probable that had Lowe remained with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Gilbert with Fox, the former would have starred in "The Big Parade" and the latter in "What Price Glory."

A very similar occasion was the release of Marian Nixon by Fox. Had Miss Nixon not been dismissed by Fox, she might have appeared in "Seventh Heaven." Instead, after her contract ended, Miss Nixon was picked up by Universal and that company released Janet Gaynor as a consequence of getting Miss Nixon, whereupon Janet was retrieved by Fox and eventually played "Seventh Heaven."

Bette Davis was under contract to Universal, but she was released with the explanation that she did not photograph well and showed no particular ability as an



"Letty Lynton" Plays to Standing Room Only in N. Y. C.

A GREAT many nice things have been said about Joan Crawford's "Letty." The critics have complimented her performance and the crowds have gone to see her since it opened. There is an interesting exotic way about Joan. At first you feel that it is affectation, then you begin to feel the intensity that she puts into her character, and, finally, so well does she suffer and so deeply does she love, that you find yourself lost in the emotions of the story—convinced by Joan, the actress.

actress. She was at once taken up by Warner Brothers and in "The Man Who Played God" she gave a fine dramatic performance opposite George Arliss, and critics compared her beauty to that of Constance Bennett.

The process of casting off and picking up stars involves all the studios. Because it appears impossible for any one person or group of persons to be infallible in selection of raw talent, it must be conceded that an element of luck plays an important part in the destinies of stars. Every company is guilty of mistakes; every company has made several discoveries of new talent to balance its mistakes.

Few stars have not been discharged by at least one motion picture studio. What an astonishing, impossible business is the motion picture industry! If an employee is discharged from one bank with the mark of incompetence against him, he is not quickly hired by a rival bank, yet that is exactly the situation that exists in motion pictures.

Discharged today; re-hired tomorrow. Cast-offs and pick-ups. Discarded for lack of talent; re-employed for abundance of talent.

Perhaps there is a moral in this for the business men of the commercial world. At any rate, to the victim of the depression this is a justification for optimism. Let him "go Hollywood" in a big way and turn his hard luck, his loss of position and his depressed mental state into a song of victory. Follow the lead of the players who have learned to turn failure into success.

ARE YOU FLAT CHESTED ?

Let Me Develop Your Form to full feminine proportions

Are you flat-chested?
Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of
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Roses, Love and Shotguns

[Continued from page 25]

pictures, with their snares and delusions, came along, he refused to talk. Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton sincerely wish they had refused to talk too.

But coming back to Harpo Marx, and I am one of those women who will always come back to Harpo Marx, you are continually running into his name in the most unexpected places. Speakeasies and drawing rooms and Queen Mary's last year's hat. In that swank, sophisticated magazine of the intelligentsia, *The New Yorker*, Alexander Woollcott recently devoted an entire article to Harpo. And the lowliest fans, you and I and the rest of the gang, are always discussing him. Incidentally, Harpo gets more fan mail than his brothers, even the versatile Groucho.

What kind of a person is this Harpo who is written about by our highbrows and at the same time perfectly understood by the most commonplace movie fan? His absurd blonde wig makes him grotesque compared with the attractive Chaplin make-up, but at the same time his marvelous musical talent reveals a side of his character which has a delicacy that Chaplin rarely approaches.

Chaplin's screen character is dextrous and agile, but otherwise a boob. Harpo has a greater range to his conception of character. In fact he creates the illusion of masterly intelligence. In "The Cocoanuts" there is a scene where he rises from the table with teeth gritting together every-time anyone starts to make a speech. There never has been a funnier scene on the screen. What's this uproar I hear from the Chaplin camp? Well, whether Harpo or Chaplin is the greatest living clown is simply a matter of porridge. Some like it hot, and some like it cold.

But what is Harpo really like? 'Tis said that Groucho gets belligerent, Chico gets bellicose and Harpo, bellylaffs. And "they" warned me that Harpo's jokes were crude and to the point.

The "love scene" with Thelma Todd had finally been taken to everyone's satisfaction so I stepped out from behind the roses and Harpo removed his sizzling wig (not even Clara Bow ever managed to obtain exactly that shade of flamboyant red) and suggested gallantly that we have a bite to eat in the restaurant.

Harpo out of character and without his make-up is just a mild, ordinary looking man with brown hair that's beginning to thin in places. His eyes are brown and mischievous and he has a smile as sweet as any you've ever seen on the face of little Dickie Moore. He's five feet seven inches tall, is quite slight, and is the oldest of the four brothers. He's unmarried, adores cottage cheese, doesn't know a note of music but plays the harp divinely. His real name is Arthur.

"How're tricks?" I asked without malice or forethought as we sauntered along.

"Tricks?" echoed Harpo. "What would bridge be without tricks, and where would Brooklyn be without Bridge? Who is that?"

A very lovely blonde was passing without even so much as a take-out bid. I was sure that Harpo would live up to his publicity and go in hot pursuit of undulating skirts. But Harpo the Man has more restraint. Only his eyes pursue.

"That," I said, "is Wynne Gibson. Don't you know your movie stars?"

"To me there are only two movie stars," said Harpo who has reduced cinematic

femininity to its lowest common denominator. "All blondes are Thelma Todd. All brunettes are Lila Lee. It's simpler that way."

"That must be terribly discouraging to Lupe Velez, Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead," I thought.

"Been to the circus?" Harpo asked as we began an attack on our vitamins. "I'm going tonight. I like circuses. But I like them in small towns better than in cities. Do you know why the Ubangis have such large lips?"

"Is this a gag?" I asked hopefully.

"Nope. Groucho and Chico gag. I'm Harpo and I'm dumb and I don't have to wise-crack. It's simpler that way. But I hope you want to hear about Ubangis because I'm going to tell you. It seems that they were a nice peaceful little tribe living over in Trader Horn's country and they minded their own business and cooked their own missionaries and made their own whoopee on Saturday nights. Everything was hotso totsy until a gang of hoodlums moved into the neighboring county, and got into the habit of chasing over into the Ubangi village every spring.

"The Ubangi chiefs protested and protested, but no, the girls just let themselves go ubango. The laugh, however, was on them for when they heard that thick lips indicated sex appeal, they began putting things in their lips to give the desired effect. One thing led to another and finally instead of being able to take it or leave it alone, they became hopeless addicts and their lips grew bigger and bigger. At last the springtime came and when the young rakes arrived, can you imagine how they felt!

"Their feathers drooped, they stared in consternation at the lips of the Ubangi maidens, and when they saw the platters, their love grew platonic. So," continued Harpo brightly, "they didn't come around any more."

"That's all very historical and interesting," I replied. "But I'd far rather hear

something hysterical and interesting about you. For instance, you have made millions laugh, just exactly what makes you laugh?"

Harpo pondered for a moment. "A joke" (uh-huh I knew that was coming) "I heard the other night and a cartoon I saw recently in an English newspaper, made me laugh so hard I'm still laughing. The joke was about two little pigs who were having a petting party—don't go, it's clean—in a corner of the barn. Some kids were outside playing football and suddenly the ball came sailing through the barn window. 'Good heavens, my husband!' squealed the lady pig. Isn't that funny? And the cartoon was of two English acrobats on a trapeze and one of them has just missed catching the other who is rapidly descending to the earth. The caption was: 'Oops! Sorry.'"

So now you know what makes a great comedian laugh.

There is a story going around that Herman Mankiewicz took Harpo to a party one night and that Harpo proceeded to kiss every girl as soon as he was introduced. Herman, fearing that somebody might take offense, called Harpo aside and told him that even though he was in Hollywood he couldn't rush right up to a girl and kiss her as soon as he'd met her. Time and conversation should transpire before the osculation. So the next guest was brought along and Harpo bowed seriously and said, "How do you do, Miss Smith. Have you seen 'Grand Hotel?' Now may I kiss you?"

"Mr. Marx, I am very anxious to know," I began casually, "if you chase women as much in real life as you do on the screen. And do you really prefer blondes?"

"I take whatever comes along," replied Mr. Marx modestly. "But in my new picture 'Horsefeathers' I don't chase blonde women. Which reminds me of a story—"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted hurriedly. "I was warned about that. But let's talk about love—were you ever in love, Mr. Marx?"

That same wistful, heart-breaking ex-



In "The First Year" Janet Gaynor wears her hair a little bit differently, and in every respect seems a little more grown up.



At Malibu Beach the stars have their own private grocer and judging from appearances he extends credit to Neil Hamilton.

pression came over his face that you see when he plays the harp. Was he clowning—or not?

"Yes," he groaned and ate a carrot. "I was too dumb to know what it was all about the first time, and the second—oh—it was just too bad . . . The first time I really noticed how beautiful a woman could be was between seasons one year when I had a small part in 'Too Many Kisses.' That was a long, long time ago before movies began to talk. Richard Dix had the lead in the picture and William Powell was in it too. I played the village nitwit who didn't have anything to do but haul manure around, and in those days, young lady, I assure you they used the real thing, no papier maché and mirrors.

"The female lead was a glorious creature named Frances Howard and I've never seen her since, but she lives in my memory as the most divinely beautiful woman I've ever met. I noticed that Powell and Dix were making passes at her without results. If those two handsome bozos couldn't make any progress I knew it was hopeless for me, so I simply spent most of my time sleeping in the dump heap. But would you believe it, as soon as her scene was over she would leave Powell and Dix flat and come over to the dump heap and talk to me. Were those boys jealous! If only she hadn't been so beautiful . . . and if only I hadn't been so dumb . . .

"But the first serious love affair in my life (and judging from the intensely sad look in his eyes it might have been his last) was when I was playing in Grand Rapids once, many, many years ago. Our act at that time was called 'The Six Nightingales' and consisted of my brothers Gummo, Groucho, Chico and myself, my mother and a—a—soprano. What a voice, what a figure, what a woman. I fell giddily head over heels in love. I was hit hard. I insisted on marrying the girl at once.

"When my brothers discovered that I was really insanely in love with her they called me aside and none too gently explained to me the facts of life. It seems she was a Bad Woman. Gee, it hurt—it still does. I thought I'd never get over it. Ten years later I ran into her on Broadway one day. She had aged fifty years. Dope, and men, and liquor—she had certainly gone down to the depths. But I believe I loved her even then."

I almost fell out of my chair. Could this be the Master of Bellylaffs? Harpo Marx, the clown? This man sighing wist-

fully over a dead past, a lost illusion, and a very lost lady? Does this explain the mystery of Harpo Marx?

"Pagliacci," I cried out in dismay. "And I never suspected it. You are clowning with tears in your eyes. But the show must go on, Paggie old boy, and so must this interview. Tell me something funny quickly, I'm crying in my coffee."

"I was run out of town by a fellow with a shotgun once. How's that? Better? The act was playing in a little Texas town, and I was the straight man then. It was the summer that 'I Love My Wife But Oh You Kid' was the rage. There was a very attractive girl in the orchestra pit that night who played the piano for our song numbers. Just to get a laugh I stood at the edge of the stage and winked at her and said, 'I love my wife, but oh you kid.'

"The next day we were all sitting on the hotel porch when a tough looking bird rode up on horseback, and sort of playfully twirled a shotgun around his finger. 'Which one of youse guys is the clown?' he asked. I jumped forward hastily thinking that he would invite me up to the ranch for dinner. 'Oh it's you, is it,' he snarled and spat out a wad of tobacco. 'Wal, young fellow, you insulted my wife last night at the opary house and I jest thought I'd drop by to tell you-all that there's a train at two-thirty.' He twirled the gun around a couple of times and rode off. We caught the train all right. Say, do you know that shotgun in Hebrew means a marriage broker—you know, the man who arranges for my son to marry your daughter. Queer, isn't it, but it means just about the same thing in English. Now that's a thought for the day. Sorry, lady, but I've got to go now and make pictures for little boys and girls who have nice shiny quarters to spend."

"Just one more question before you go," I begged. "What do you do when you haven't anything else to do?"

"Why, I write epitaphs for my friends. 'Forgotten but not gone' is the one I wrote for Alexander Woollcott. He likes it."

"Original!"

"I have two for my own use, but I don't know which to use." (The gentle Harpo smiled again). "One is 'X Marx the Spot' and the other 'Nobody Here but Us Worms.'"

"Aren't you dying to find out?" I asked as I reeled away.

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The Girls Who Will Be Great Stars

[Continued from page 19]

not laughing. Life has done much to Wynne Gibson. It has hurt her deeply, it has mocked at her ideals and bruised her soul. But it is Life that has given her this enviable mystery. She does not walk alone in the twilight in the hills of Hollywood. Surrounded by people, she walks alone on the Paramount lot. In her own way she is just as inscrutable as the great Garbo.

Another girl who has been turning out grand performances of a different type entirely is little Madge Evans. Madge is standing "where the brook and river meet" and it would be awfully easy for her to be just sweet and appealing. But she isn't.

Madge's great charm and great popularity lie in the fact that she is a grand combination of the sophisticated and the wholesome. In "Lovers Courageous" she was a sophisticated and polished Shearer, in "Sporting Blood" she was sleek and glamorous as a Bad Woman, and in "Huddle" she was the quintessence of youthful America. It's this "and the child became a

woman" something about Madge Evans which makes us want never to miss one of her pictures.

Sylvia Sidney, the dewey-eyed tragedienne, can take your tough old heart out of your breast and play on it until you are streaking your face with mascara and tears. When she suffers we adore her, and I am here to state that the greatest of Camilles never suffered more beautifully and effectively. She puckers her lips into a little crooked smile and you start bawling like a frightened child. Sylvia, off the screen, doesn't go in for the tragic, but she is a girl of many moods. There are days when the whole world sings and Sylvia calls gayly to all her friends, and there are days when she wants to be alone, utterly alone, to think deep, deep thoughts. It is this side of Sylvia that expresses itself on the screen. No actress in Hollywood can reach such dramatic depths.

And where would Joan Blondell be on the screen roll of honor if it wasn't for her rough and ready *bon homme*, her every-

day understanding and her suggestion of being "regular people." If Joan suddenly went elegant or demure on us it would be just too bad for you and me and Joan. No other player can offer pictures this same brand of "hail fellow, well met" and if anyone tried we'd only say that she was copying Joan. So better not try it on us. Joan gives you her real self on the screen. She hates to dress, she hates to be formal, and she hates people who put on airs. She loves being herself. And that's the way we love you, too, Joan of the dancing Blondells.

Each must have something—something that came to them from the empty spaces where stars are born, came to them without price, free as the wind. But, that something, that gorgeous divine talent is made of the same intangible stuff as your soul and mine. We know it when we see it.

It's the precious bit of personality they bring across the deserts to Hollywood that makes them "click" in pictures. Each must have something.

9 Kinds of Friendship

[Continued from page 21]

good when I arrive but by the time I leave I'm imbued with a proper spirit of humility. For taking a fellow down a peg or two, I'll put Chester up against anyone in the wide world. He's got one of the grandest senses of humor I've ever come across and he's always good for a laugh a minute.

Sue (his wife) who is pretty as a picture and a darned sight better than he deserves, sits there listening attentively. Sometimes when her good-for-nothing husband has thrown a particularly dirty dig into me, she'll very quietly and drily say a word or two that squelches him more effectively than all my bombast. And just when I begin to swell up again and think I've got her lined up with me for a mass attack on him, she switches over and lets go a verbal barrage in my direction.

And there was another time I was up at their home for dinner. We got through the meal somehow without blood being shed, until the dessert came—ice cream and cake. Chester and Sue toyed with the ice cream but never ate the cake. Me—I'm very fond of cake. I looked meaningfully at it a few times but my hopeful glances were wasted. Finally I turned to Chester: "What's the matter with the cake?" I asked politely, "is it borrowed from the 'prop' department?"

Chester passed the cake over and surveyed me disapprovingly. "Looking at your waistline," he said acidly, "I'd say you'd be a blamed sight better off if it was."

Yeah, a person is lucky to have a place like the Morris' to go to when in need of a few laughs and a little taking down.

Sometimes even a Mook gets fed up on being insulted and at times like those he goes out to see Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey (Joan Bennett). Guests are never ribbed in their home.

In contrast to the cosmopolitan air that pervades Connie's home there is an air of quietness and restfulness about Joan's.

The 'phone doesn't jangle so often and there aren't so many people dropping in all the time to see her about this and that. It's possible to carry on a connected conversation—which we do occasionally.

About twelve or one or two o'clock I'll go home feeling quite virtuous and at peace with the world and quite firmly convinced that the only three people in it worth their salt are Joan and Gene and, of course, myself.

You might think that there is no such thing as a silent friendship in Hollywood but you're wrong again. Whenever I feel the need for companionship and friendship that doesn't express itself in words, I look up Lew Ayres. I can't think of anyone in whose company I feel as relaxed as Lew's. And it isn't a friendship that requires frequent meetings to sustain it. Sometimes we go for four to six weeks or even two months without seeing each other. Then, suddenly, Lew will drop in on me and the friendship is picked up where it was left off, without any process of re-adjustment.

Most of these people I've mentioned have come to the screen since I arrived in Hollywood and I had no preconceived notions of them to be altered or supported. We took each other as we were. But there was one girl I had worshipped on the screen before I ever came out here. Mary Brian. And of all those whom I had previously seen on the screen and met after reaching here, she is the only one whom I have found to be exactly off screen as she is on.

Once I had been hinting at a deep and abiding attachment for her. There was no sign on her part that she knew what I was driving at. Finally, in desperation, I said, "Mary, don't all these fellows you go out with make love to you? Don't you ever give any of them a tumble?"

Mary regarded me with quiet eyes. "Occasionally they try. If I ever met a man I could care for, he wouldn't have to ask

me that. When the others start I know that if they persist it means the end of a dear friendship, so I try to kid them out of it. If they won't be kidded, I have to stop seeing them."

And that's one reason I think more of Mary than practically all the other maiden ladies of the screen rolled into one. She knows how to be a pal to a fellow, too.

Occasionally—and not so occasionally as I'd like to think—I'm filled with a feeling such as I imagine young puppies thrive on and I am possessed of a desire to do all sorts of crazy things. In moments like those I'm never at a loss for a companion. Neil Hamilton is always willing to do anything idiotic I propose. And the more ridiculous it is the more enthusiastic he becomes. Once we hiked up Mt. Wilson (although we could easily have driven up) because we wanted to see if we could chisel our way into the observatory.

Neil has all of a boy's enthusiasm. He is batty on the subject of keeping in physical condition and, boy-like, he invents all sorts of games to keep up his interest in it and to keep it from seeming like work.

There is one other close friend I have out here. I mention him last but he is by no means least. I'm referring to Phillips Holmes. Most of my friends are married couples but Phil is the one I lean on as a kind of anchor, the friend we all have—when we're lucky. The chap we go double-dating with. The one we swap confidences with. The one with whom we go vacationing. Last summer we spent a week together on Catalina Island and he is the ideal traveling companion. When I find myself about to do something rash it's Phil who talks me out of it.

No real friendships in Hollywood? "Haw!" as Walter Winchell would say.

Schiller was right: there are no doubles in friendship and I only wish I had space to tell you of other of my friends.



When Gary Cooper arrived from Africa he brought home, to his mother's surprise, a baby chimpanzee. How well he is looking. Gary, we mean.

Mr. Bellamy's Little Boy

[Continued from page 43]

and the eagerly awaited "Do it again, Ralph."

When Ralph was a youngster, he was always playing "theatre." He loved every phase of it, often writing the play, coaching his playmates in their parts, and designing the costumes and attending to the make-up before the performance. Naturally he played the villain's rôle. He adored being a menace, even in those days.

I'm an advertising man myself, and although we have a record of only one actor in our family as far back as the 18th century, we never curbed his youthful enthusiasm for the stage. We sometimes felt that he was perhaps giving vent to the suppressed desires of some of our puritanical ancestors. Curiously enough, a play called "Suppressed Desires" was the first to be produced by Ralph when he organized a "little theatre" group of players on the North side of Chicago when he was sixteen.

As we were his most ardent rooters, Ralph went right ahead with his ingenious stage ideas. In fact he went to them with all his might. I remember one time, when he was eleven years old, he was commissioned to paint the lawn swing. Before starting the job he smeared paint on his clothes and when I asked him why, he said: "I want to look like a real painter." Even then he had the gift of submerging his own character in the one he was playing.

Then Ralph met Billy Owen at a gathering of ardent stage enthusiasts. Owen was a sterling Shakespearian actor. He took an interest in Ralph and offered him the difficult leading rôle in Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," which he was casting. Ralph played the part so well that when the show closed Billy Owen started coaching him for future rôles.

A part in a road show of "The Shepherd of the Hills" followed and after that Ralph knew that the stage was to be his lifelong career. Soon afterwards he came to me enthusiastically, soliciting my aid in a theatre managing proposition which lasted five years, during which time I completely abandoned my advertising interests.

After this venture Ralph went to New York where he played in "Roadside," and on the opening night the audience greeted his most poignant lines with outbursts of applause. His work in that play was acclaimed one of the five best performances of the 1930-1931 season, and led to his Hollywood contract.

When Ralph was fifteen he wrote and produced a play called "Nothing." The utter futility of it was terribly dampening, considering his age. He snapped out of that mood, but I still have my worried moments. And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some day Ralph left the stage and wrote plays instead.

However, that's quite a way off yet, for Ralph's contract has a long time to run. And you'll be seeing him soon as Captain Manning of the police force in "Disorderly Conduct," as the judge in "Young America," and as the divorced husband of Elissa Landi in "The Woman in Room 13." Later still you will see him in that childhood classic, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," opposite Marian Nixon.

With each of Ralph's performances I am gradually losing my own name and becoming "Ralph Bellamy's Father," which I assure you I am very proud to be.

P.S.—Word has just come in that Ralph will play the popular rôle of Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory."

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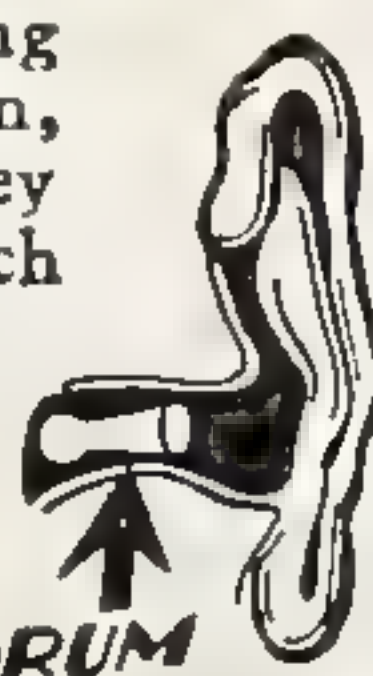
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Anna Sten, the veteran German screen star, arrives in Hollywood and is greeted by Lewis Milestone, the director.



Acme

OVER HOLLYWOOD

[Continued from page 13]

When the cameras and lights have been moved in until they are almost pressing on Sari's face, and the cogs are grinding once more, Gasnier, on a stool out of camera range, declares:

"You're not weak. Oh no! you're exactly the opposite—"

"You're very strong!" exclaims Sari, and this time it is admiration without invitation.

If it turns out according to plan "Forgotten Commandments" should be the effective introduction of a great new star. It is a story of a Soviet professor of chemistry (Irving Pichel) who preaches atheism to his students—and community of possessions, from pins to a woman's love. Sari, his mistress, falls in love with and seduces Gene (who is sedately married to Marguerite Churchill) and Irving discovers that circumstances alter cases, whereupon there is much ranting, frothing and jealous murder. Can you imagine a girl, in her first Hollywood picture, having to torch the cast and audience like that? I can imagine Sari.

On the Radio Lot

NOW that Paramount's economy wave has washed away most of the studio policemen, one does not have to walk round three sides of a block to get into the Radio studio. The journey is just an illegal drop over the fence dividing the lots.

Radio has a high temperature and acute cagey-itis. Of five pictures in production under this brand, four of them are secrets. Only the directors are supposed to know what they are about, and they are not sure.

On one stage "The Eighth Wonder" is being made by Merian C. Cooper, with Joel McCrea and Fay Wray in the leads. A cop guards the door day and night to keep the story from leaking. On another Constance Bennett is making "The Truth About Hollywood." We can't go in. Why can't we? Because Connie is doing scenes in a swimming suit. I have counted freckles on the Bennett back at Malibu but like most ladies Connie is coy under the lights.

So anxious are the Radio watchdogs to keep the "Roar Of The Dragon" from reaching the ears of the world, that though there is idle space on the home lot they have sent the company into cloisters at Warners. "Hold 'Em Jail" has been similarly banished to the old Pathé lot.

Oh well! There seems to be nobody stopping us from going into the "Is My Face Red?" stage.

Cortez Doing a Winchell

THIS is the columnist story about Walter Winchell. Or if it is not about Winchell it would never have come into being if there had not been a Winchell. Ricardo Cortez is playing the winchellist, and it is interesting to see his (or somebody's) idea of a highly paid Broadway snooper. Immaculately clad in the height of fashion, Ric is reclining in a very mahogany-and-leather office with a view of all Manhattan, while Clarence Muse polishes his already gleaming shoes. Very evidently, there is dirt and pay-dirt.

I wonder if there is any symbolic significance in the slappings and slitherings of a shoe-shiner's cloths. Radio seems to think there is, for a microphone lies on a cushion within a foot of Muse's hands.

And so over the fence again and into the flivver and up and away in a short hop over the steep little Hollywood hills into Uncle Carl Laemmle's backyard, so grandiosely known as—

Universal City

ON stage 2 there is a great clatter of boots and bayonets. A mob of grey-blue-uniformed, freckle-faced boys are playing in "Tom Brown At Culver," and what an unbelievable break that title is for a certain person. Originally it was "Brown Of Culver," but the owners of the story "Brown of Harvard" litigiously resented the suggestion of a poorer Brown relation, so the title was changed to "Tom Brown at Culver," and the title-role is being played by none other than Tom Brown himself. There will be so much Tom Brown on the bills that the public may get the impression the thing is a new kind of Tom Collins.

It is one of those things about a bad man who is not so bad that he doesn't know when he would be better out of the way. To begin at the beginning, Tom Brown, an orphan, draws attention to himself by winning an American Legion fight. The Legion discovers he is the son of a soldier who was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and by taking up a subscription puts the lad through military school. At the wrong moment the father (H. B. Warner) turns up. It seems that he bolted on the field of battle, changed identification discs with a corpse and disappeared. Tom is all for leaving Culver and living with his new-found father, but H.B. sees that he would spoil his son's chances, so he does his disappearing trick again.

With such a story, the cast is naturally predominantly male. The longest feminine speaking part says: "That's my boy over there."

And the curious thing is that boys, whether at the Culver Military Academy or in grease paint on a Hollywood set, will be boys. I am learning all sorts of interesting things from Ben Alexander when Tom Brown, with his hair brushed for once, strolls up in a fighting mood.

Ben, perhaps you didn't know, made his debut at 2½ in Fanny Ward's "Every Pearl A Tear," played Cupids in fig leaves for a year and a half, was the child in Griffith's "Hearts Of The World," quit pictures at 14 to go through high school, was lured from the gates of college by Lewis Milestone for "All Quiet" and would still rather be a surgeon.

"Say!" says Brown, eyeing Ben's uniform, "I thought you were a sergeant."

"I was. They decided to promote me, slug."

"Is that so? Well, if you're gonna be a captain, so am I," and the adolescent star of the picture strides away to see about it.

Melvyn Douglas and Raymond Massey

ON Stage 1 James Whale is directing "The Old Dark House" and chubby Charles Laughton, favourite character actor of London and New York, is discovering that a 6,000 mile journey from rainy old England to sunny California (as advertised) ends in a drenching from a hose.

In its way the set for this picturization of J. B. Priestley's novel is as remarkable as the "Love Me Tonight" architecture. To simplify his shooting schedule, Whale has had the entire Old Dark House built on the largest stage and his camera and lights simply trundle from room to room with the action. There is the smoke-grimed, rafted kitchen, haunt of the butler, Boris Karloff, revoltingly disguised by a scarred cheek, enlarged head and bristling beard on a parchment skin; there is the long, dark passage where Lilian Bond shivers herself into the pleased arms of Melvyn Douglas; the third-floor bedroom prison, complete with enormous four-poster bed, of Brember Wills, the family's madam; the second floor chamber of Elspeth Dudgeon, billed as "John" because she plays the 102-year-old Sir Roderick; the gaunt, cobwebbed staircase with its gargoyled bannisters; and the great hall of mullioned, embrasured windows, yard thick stone walls, huge chimney and blackened beams, where the family is now seated at supper.

As a fact, Eva Moore, made up as a hideous old harriidan, and Ernest Thesiger (who is a friend of the Queen of England and in private life makes exquisite embroidery) are munching with relish the rare roast beef from the sirloin on the table. Who said all movie meals were faked?

Karloff stands scowling behind Miss Moore's chair. Poor Boris. His make-up again condemns him to make meals of chocolate malted milk imbibed through straws. The three others at the table—Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart and Melvyn Douglas—are strangers who have been driven in by the great storm outside. (The storm has been turned off for a while, but is standing by to repeat its business when wanted).

Lilian Bond and Charles Laughton

WHILE, inside the hall, the camera is being lined up for a travelling shot, and a grip is persuading the chimney to smoke—a little difficult when the blazing fire which looks so hot is not even alight—Charles Laughton and Lilian Bond pre-

pare, on the porch, to be the second interruption to the supper. They step into a wooden box and slither up to the ankles in mud, which in the natural state is Hollywood's rarest literal commodity.

A few yards away, lurking under a ladder with a gleam in his eyes and a hose-pipe in his hands, is a Japanese gardener. Nobody is taking any notice of him. His salary is probably two dollars a day. But the Jap is happy. "They're gonna be wet," I hear him say to himself, "whether they want to or not. Yes sir. Good and wet. Haw!" Chuckling simianly, he swarms up his ladder.

"Water!" calls an assistant, and on the word the Jap releases a round stream at Laughton and Lilian. It flattens their hats, smacks audibly on their faces, drenches their coats and runs in rivulets off every part of them. With a keen eye and a flick of the wrist, the rain-maker pops his column of water down the front of Lilian's blouse. She gasps and buttons her coat up to her neck, with flaming cheeks. The Jap chuckles again. He's earning millions.

"Enjoying yourselves?" asks Junior Laemmle, passing with a brace of executives.

"Earning your money," rebukes Laughton.

"All set. Close the doors. Turn 'em over. Quiet! WIND!"

An aeroplane propeller, set up opposite the porch of the Old Dark House, springs into action. Its howling blast makes little Lilian cling to Laughton like a sparrow trying not to be blown off a haystack. The gardener on his ladder plays water skilfully into the gale so that it is lashed in stinging drops on to the door.

The two wayfarers hammer on the panels with a genuine passion to get out of that tempest quickly. After a long, cantankerous argument within, Karloff opens the door and an extra twitch of the propeller flings the couple into the hall.

"And tell my heirs," says Laughton, as Whale shouts "Cut!" and recording stops, "that my next picture was to have been Tallulah Bankhead's 'Devil And The Deep'—in which, had I lived, I should have stood up to my waist in a waterlogged submarine for half a reel."

On the M-G-M Lot

FROM Universal to Warners' studio is less than two miles, and as all aviators know it is mighty hard to make a ship fly two miles—two hundred with pleasure; twenty perhaps, five with persuasion, but two are an insult. So turn her nose due south, Skipper, and head for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ten miles nearer the equator.

I know perfectly well that M-G-M employees are working on the same old pictures as they were making last month, but I have a clue to one of the Radio mysteries. The "Hold 'Em Jail" unit, says my informant, has sneaked out of Pathe on to the Metro back lot.

That old line about there being 48 states in the Union is a laugh. They forgot to include the M-G-M back lot. That wilderness is so big that it's dangerous. Some day somebody without my stamina is going to get lost there too and die of exhaustion trying to win back.

Miles and miles of plaster buildings there are, street after street, Normandy, Middle West, English, Sumatran and Levantine. Half a castle jostles quarter of a cottage. Post offices, hospitals, police stations, theatres and hotels stand there doing nothing, held up by struts behind their false faces, complicating the maze.

I come across a woman sitting in a rocker in front of the door of a cottage with-

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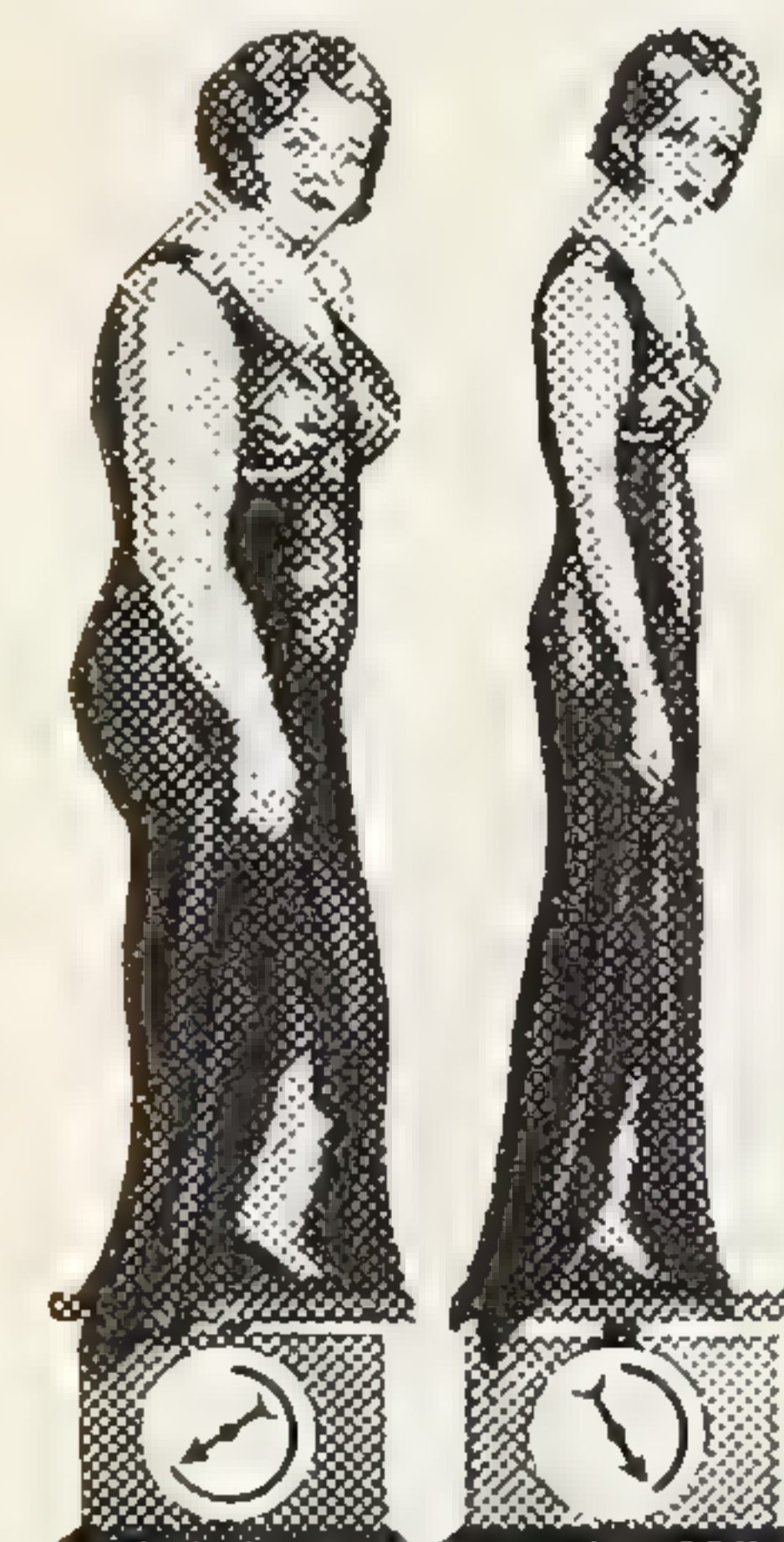
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ACT NOW



On stage 3 at Warners, Chic Sale makes "Competition."

out any innards. I have not seen another living being in miles. She doesn't seem to care.

"How long have you lived here?" I ask her.

"I don't remember," she says.

"Seen any actors working?"

"No. Nobody ever comes around here."

I leave her rocking. Years later my evidence will be vital in solving the Mystery of the Skeleton on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Back Lot.

Wheeler and Woolsey

ACROSS two roads and more miles of waste land, I find a prison yard. An unpleasant mustard colour, its thick walls are dotted with guard houses, but the guards are all down below sharing box-lunches with the convicts. "Hold 'Em Jail" remains a mystery—the unit has knocked off for lunch.

Near the goal posts rigged up in the yard, dressed in prison football uniforms, Wheeler and Woolsey are drinking milk out of bottles.

"What's the picture all about, soaks?" I ask.

"We're not allowed—" they begin, so I put out my tongue and swing off on the great trek back through the M-G-M back lot—California or Bust.

At Fox—with Joan Bennett

IT IS a short hop but a merry one to the Fox studios, because by flying low you can play "in and out" among the oil derricks.

But now we're down let's look. Joan Bennett is making "Week Ends Only," and wearing a georgette dress with scalloped sleeves and a big cute collar is looking younger and younger. My! how marriage makes the eyes shine!

The scene is Joan's apartment and a big moment in Ben Lyon's life. Ben plays a painter fellow and consequently wears a leather jacket, flannel trousers and a singlet, just like any other engineer. He has just sold a picture for cash and is bringing gifts—an armful of food, some bottles of bubbly or worse, and a Persian kitten for Joan.

One rehearsal tells the tale. C'mon, let's go.

Spencer Tracy and James Dunn

NEXT door Spencer Tracy (the trainer) and James Dunn (the boxer) are finishing the big fight of "Society Girl," which is staged in the Dunn dressing room. Dunn is being fooled by Peggy Shannon, the society girl, and Tracy has been trying to put him wise. Old inhabitants of this stage tell me they have been shooting the row ever since they can remember. Now, when the camera has been run in for a close shot, Jimmie Dunn hauls off and busts Spencer in the nose.

That ends the argument and word goes forth to strike the set. Get going, Pedelty.

Over the roofs and lawns of Beverly Hills, across the ridge of hills once more, a right turn to the east and in seven minutes we have spun down into the precincts of the Warner Brothers-First National studio—with four feature pictures in production, and no mysteries about any of them.

A Busy Day at Warners

"NEW YORK TOWN" is being directed by Mervyn Leroy, who—once for ounce—is the cleverest megaphonist in Hollywood. What he might do if he grew bigger!

Mervyn's set is vast—the Grand Central Terminal, New York, no less—but the scene he is making is intimate and intense, just Joan Blondell and Eric Linden saying goodbye outside the entrance to track 18. All around the sidelines extras in overcoats and overshoes sit silent and jaded—wearied from a whole day of running to catch the 8.20 Up. The lights have been run in for the close shot, and the camera gives the impression of slaying Joan and Eric against the concrete wall.

Joan Blondell

IF YOU have ever made the mistake of I thinking Joan Blondell is not an actress, unmake it quick. This scene alone proves her. She has fully five minutes of speaking, into which Linden makes only interjections. The speech is much too long to reproduce here, but it is the philosophy of New Yorkers, the joy of being sub-



Wheeler and Woolsey in a noisy moment of "Hold 'Em Jail."

merged in unsurmountable crowds, the electrolytic effect of adjacent human vitality multiplied seven million times—and and more like it, subtle, true, intensely human, made utterly warm and understandable by Joan, as she explains to her lover from "back west" that she can never live with him anywhere else but in the Big Town.

I tried to imagine the same speech repeated with "Hollywood" substituted for "New York" and suddenly spluttered with laughter. That was when Mervyn asked me to leave.

Lee Tracy

ON Stage 2 Roy Del Ruth is directing "Blessed Event," and the set is doubly interesting because it contrasts the other point of view with "Is My Face Red?" Both are stories of a Broadway newspaper columnist, and on this set Lee Tracy presents the newspaperman as newspapermen know him—straw hat, pink shirt sleeves, black and yellow striped tie, flashy brown suit and a belt (Cortez wore suspenders). We got a million of them.

Lee Tracy wants watching. A New York

stage actor, he is startling Hollywood with a dynamic naturalness.

As he wanders about this set of a newspaper office, the managing editor's secretary (Ruth Ronnelly) takes a 'phone message, and archly tells Tracy the publisher wants him.

"I don't know why," she adds with relish, "but I think you won't be with us much longer." Tracy blows up.

"Listen, it's taken me three years to work up to thirty-five bucks a week," (so that accounts for those clothes) "ha ha! Oh no! Moxley'd never let them tie the can on me."

"Yeah? Last thing Moxley told you was to lay off those birth items."

"I gotta fill the column some way," counters Tracy.

That's the pith of "Blessed Event"—blessed events, and what one N. Y. chatterer can do with them. He goes out now to see another stork story safely into print. "This may be my last column," says he, "and I've got to have a punch line for the top."

Chic Sale

OUT on the back lot a crowd scene is being shot for Chic Sale's "Competition," which is a story of how a small town general store went modern in a big way. The townsfolk consider it has gone so modern that the owner and promoter has scrambled with their capital, and now they are milling about the porch demanding advice from each other.

In the centre of them a portly, half-bald man in whom few audiences will recognize Jack Henderson, matinee idol of musical comedy nearly half a century ago, points into the distance. "There comes Crickle now," he says.

"Cut!" roars Erle Kenton. "Don't point. Just look. Once more."

"There comes Crickle now," says Henderson and out pops the finger.

"Cut! Will somebody for the love of heaven hold that man's finger?" A woman presses in behind Henderson and grips his hands behind his back. This time the scene is okay.

"Just why," I ask, "didn't he have to point?"

"There are two things," said Kenton, "I won't have in my pictures. One is a cross-eyed pig and the other a pointing finger. Superstition."

Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent

ON Stage 4 Barbara Stanwyck is trying not to go to bed. It is a delicate situation. She has just married George Brent through a matrimonial agency, in order to escape a soured love affair in Montreal, and has been driven by her husband to his farm in the wilds of Alberta. It is about now that the lady is becoming apprehensive.

They stand facing each other in the bare, dusty, wooden shack, with sacks of grain standing round the ugly walls. George, unused to first nights of this variety, flaps his arms in embarrassment.

"Kinder cold, isn't it?" he suggests. "Maybe we—I—about bedtime, isn't it?"

"Oh!" cries Barbara, who strides round the table, catches her toe in a wheat sack, bursts out with a "Damn!" and falls flat on her face.

They cut the clever little scene there, but you and I can imagine the rest they will film tomorrow. That nice Brent man is going to be cold all night.

Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy"

NO, LADY, this is not a lunatic asylum. This is a stage of the United Artists studio. Your host is the embarrassed gentleman in evening dress and horned-rimmed spectacles. "Movie Crazy" is in full swing.

Playing a drunken diner at a Hollywood producer's dinner party, Arthur Housman puffs ineffectually at a fly, swipes at it, misses and sits glowering at it alcoholically from under his eyebrows.

The camera swoops away to include Lloyd in the scene. Harold is dancing with Louise Closser Hale, haughty wife of afore-said producer. His career depends on his making a good impression on her. But he is finding life suddenly complicated. In the wash-and-whisk department he has accidentally changed clothes with a conjuror and is now alarmed by mysterious stirrings in the garment. Mrs. Hale is wondering whether his wriggings are insanity or technique.

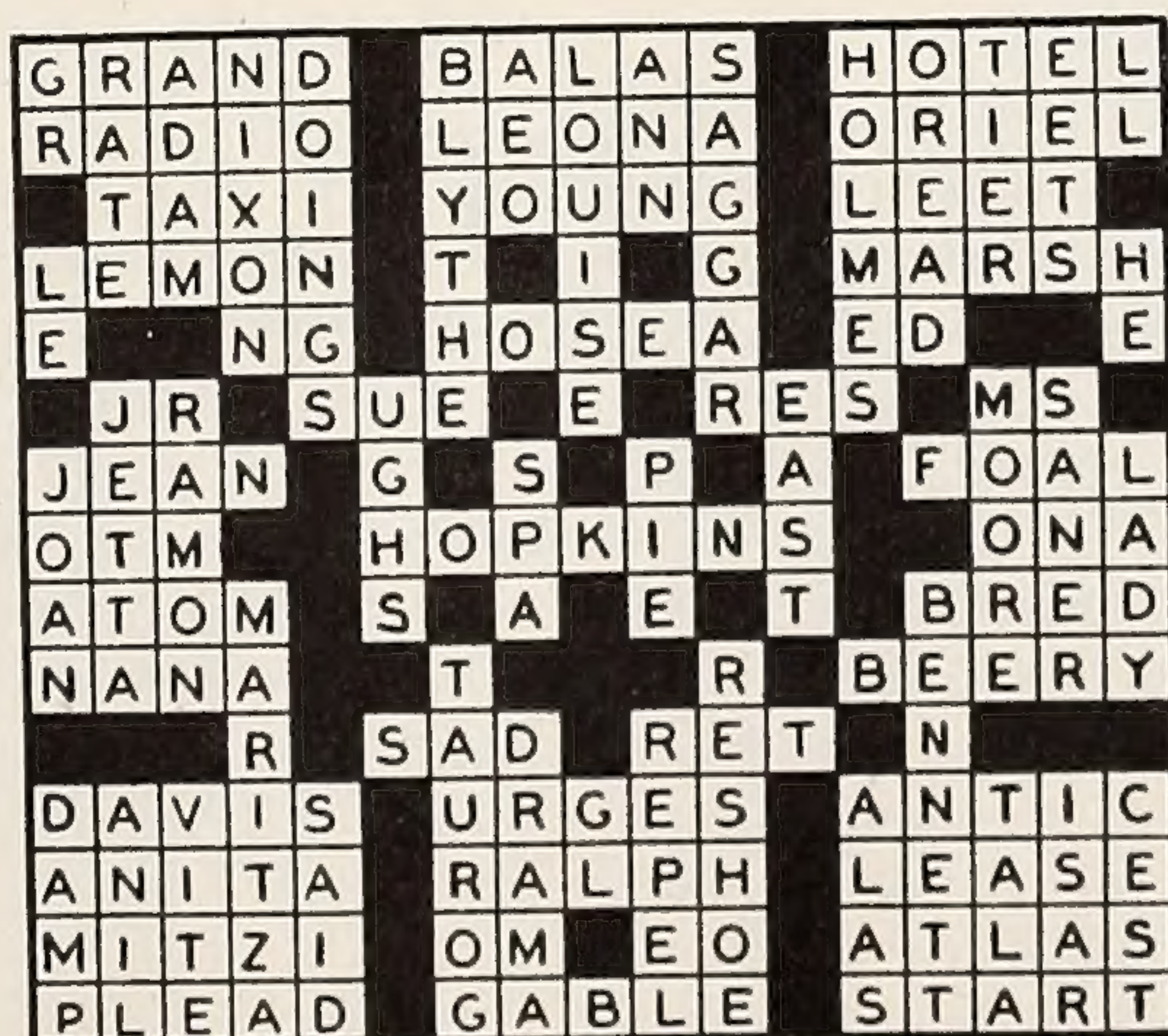
Desperately, Harold sloughs an egg from one pocket by putting it in Housman's flabby hand just as the drunk has decided to crush the fly on his forehead. Finding a rabbit in another, as he dances onwards, Lloyd pops it under the cover of a dish which a waiter is hurrying to Housman's table. The camera follows the dish with an effortless, soundless glide.

Lifting the cover and seeing a white rabbit amongst his salad, the drunk decides he has finally got 'em, and rushes madly away, cutting a wide swathe through the indignant dancers, while Harold, circulating round the floor with Mrs. Hale, continues to empty his pockets by stealth. He pulls a piece of string in one of them and a stream of white paint shoots out of his gardenia straight into the haughty and important lady's face.

The long scene, packed with movement and incident, is a model to all producers and directors. The only speeches in all its length are the short address of Housman to his waiter, and the occasional question "What's the matter with you?" from Mrs. Hale.

Good for you, Harold—and keep on making motion pictures.

The Answer to Last Month's Crossword Puzzle



Since "Grand Hotel" the all-star cast is being adopted. United Artists will make "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and it is rumored that Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford and Ronald Colman will be together in this great play.

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George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Mad Myself Hear." Also booklet on Deafness. Address
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Are not easy for the outsider to get—BUT we are prepared to give you the benefit of our years of personal studio contacts thereby eliminating your waste of time and money while hunting a studio job.

We know all the various ways that Hollywood movie jobs are obtained for MOVIE ACTORS, ACTRESSES, DIRECTORS, CAMERAMEN, WRITERS, MUSICIANS, TECHNICIANS, ETC.

If you wish to be Hollywood wise before coming to Hollywood, write us fully about yourself, your qualifications, and ambitions, and if you wish to have our advisory service start working for you immediately, enclose TWO DOLLARS, cash or money order, and we will have our specialists give you immediate personal attention.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS Vocational Advisory Bureau
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Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Avenue, Dept. 837, Chicago.

SILVER SCREEN
for August on Sale July 7

The Final Thing



Will Rogers,
jester.

WILL ROGERS has a sense of humor, or should we say dollars of humor, for Will has capitalized his funny bone—he is a millionaire. From those days back in the Follies when he used to twist his lariat, chew his cud, and rock the six dollar spectators in their seats simply by telling what Congress had done that day, he has been a national figure.

But not content with this, Will Rogers blazed an air trail for correspondents that makes him international, omnipresent, omniscient. Monologist, political commentator, writer, airman, screen actor (his talking picture, "So This Is Paris," made the record run in Los Angeles), Will gathered all his talents and so qualified as the master of ceremonies for the "Grand Hotel" première in Hollywood.

IT IS an old story now of how he told the audience that a great actress, soon leaving this country, would make a personal appearance after the showing of "Grand Hotel," and how Wallace Beery, after the picture was over, came on the stage with a Garbo imitation which fell flat.

Will had not seen "Grand Hotel" naturally, and he did not know the tremendous performance that Garbo had given. Nor that this audience whose lives are wrapped up in motion pictures, whose happiness and sorrows all pass in a parade across the silver screen, were to be lifted to the very mountain peak of admiration and exaltation. They had just seen a dream come true. A perfect performance. Beauty! Talent! Art! Every formidable barrier to screen success taken in a



The latest, perhaps the last,
studio portrait of Garbo.

night. How could Will Rogers know that at that moment GARBO was a sacred name.

ROGERS has talked with kings and made millions laugh. It was Will who said, after having breakfast with Coolidge in the White House, that Cal gave the dog so much to eat he about decided to get on all fours on the carpet in order to get enough breakfast himself. He once gave up a tremendously valuable contract of his own to jump into Fred Stone's part when Fred, injured, could no longer appear, so that the company might not disband.

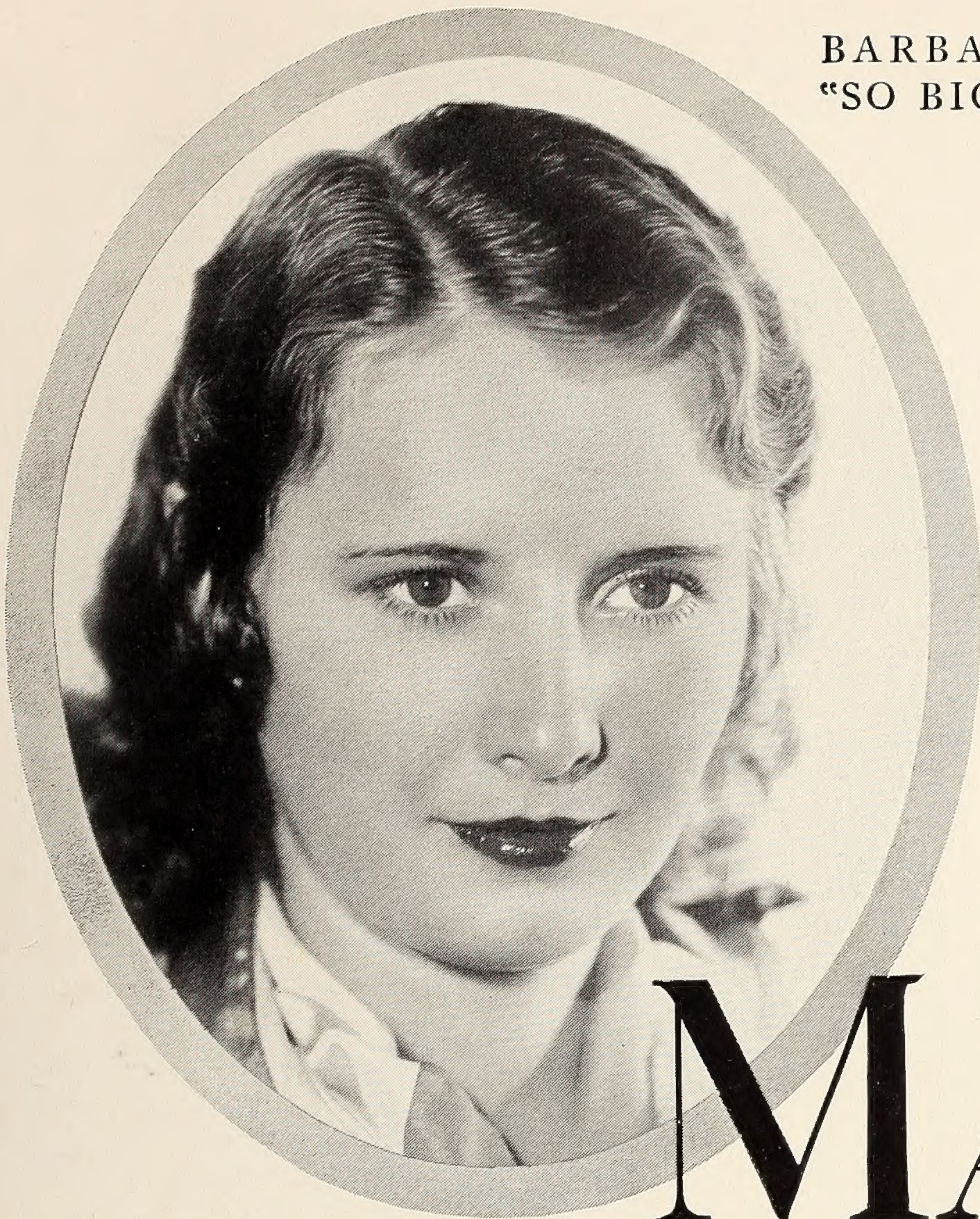
THE day after the "Grand Hotel" opening Will came through with a characteristic telegram and took upon himself all the blame for the Garbo imitation, absolving Wallace Beery from any part in it.

Having made this graceful and public apology Will now laughs at his critics for their seriousness:—"Don't ever make fun of a poor movie struck fan who stands on the street half the night watching a première after you wise guys waited until daylight to see one star."

Ah, Will, but what a star!

The Editor

BARBARA STANWYCK...in Warner Bros.
 "SO BIG" ... *Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively*



*The CHARM of
 Lovely Beauty
 is Created with
 the Magic
 of
 This NEW
 MAKE-UP
 from HOLLYWOOD*

*How to accent your charm
 and gain new beauty with color
 harmony make-up for your type*



MARIAN MARSH
 Warner Bros. Star,
 using Max Factor's
 Lipstick.

THE lovely pastel tints of the blonde... the soft, rich melody of color tones of the brunette... the deeper, glamorous colorings of the brunette... the delicate, yet sometimes brilliant radiance of the redhead... each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satin-smooth make-up you've so ad-

mired on the screen, giving the skin a live, luminous beauty... yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines." So perfect in texture, even the motion picture camera does not reveal it.

Even under brightest sunlight or artificial light you may be sure of this satin-smooth effect... for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights. And it clings for hours, for the famous beauties of motion pictures will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

RUTH HALL,
 Warner Bros.
 player, and Max
 Factor, Holly-
 wood's make-up
 genius, using the
 correct color har-
 mony tone in
 Max Factor's
 face powder to
 blend beauty
 with her brunette colorings.



Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, originally created for the screen stars, at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same revolutionary color harmony principle... in shades to blend with your face powder... fifty cents each. Purity guarantee, with Good Housekeeping Magazine's Seal of Approval in each package. At all drug and department stores.

Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead!

Discover what lovely charm and beauty you can gain with your own personal color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up. Accept this priceless beauty gift by mailing the coupon now.



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Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
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Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up,"... also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

17-7-52

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue..... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry. <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy.... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist. <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry.... <input type="checkbox"/>
	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	
	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

The measure of YOUR BEAUTY is the **COLOR** IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical,
Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought . . . to give *color* first place over features . . . as the "measure of your beauty?" Yet how *true* it is. And how *comforting*. For while your *features* may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking . . . through rouge!

Ah, yes; but not the *usual* rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. *It must seem color coming from within the skin.* It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but *absolutely natural*.

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious . . . many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual *one tone* rouges. But Princess Pat is **DUO-TONE**. The *only Duo-Tone* rouge . . . and therefore absolutely different from *any other rouge you ever knew*.

Duo-Tone, then. What is this magical secret? It means that Princess Pat rouge (every shade) is composed of *two* distinct tones, perfectly blended into one. There is a mysterious undertone. It matches your skin tone . . . perfectly. There is a fascinating overtone. It gives forth the wondrous, vibrant, glowing color that seems not rouge at all but actually color that is your very own!

Duo-Tone Ends "One Shade" Choice. The Duo-Tone secret makes an entirely new art of *choosing* rouge. Any one of the eight Princess Pat shades will perfectly harmonize with your type, *no matter what that type is*. Do you realize what this means . . . that you may perfectly follow the fashion of using the correct rouge shade to harmonize with your costume. Or

Princess Pat

LONDON CHICAGO

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible. You'll love it!



you may *look* as you desire to *feel*. If for *any reason* you desire to possess brilliant, sparkling beauty, use one of the more *intense* Princess Pat shades. If you wish subtle, demure effects, choose the quieter colors. It is so simple to choose. Beginning with **VIVID**, Princess Pat shades are named as follows: Vivid, New Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Gold, Medium, Tan. The special, perfect shade for evening is **NITE**.

Measure Your Beauty by the Color in Your Cheeks. A new thought . . . and true. That the glowing, vibrant color in your cheeks shall set at naught features *less* than perfect . . . enhance with utterly new beauty when features *are* perfect. Then . . . with Princess Pat rouge . . . be beautiful today *as you never were before*.



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